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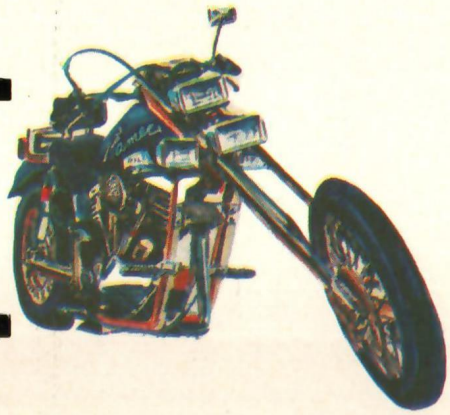

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300 West 43rd Street
New York, NY 10036
(212) 397-5200
Iron Horse Magazine ISSN: 0195-1165

Iron Horse Magazine ISSN 0195-1165 **VOLUME 12 ISSUE 66 JUNE 87** Iron Horse is published nine times a year, with corporate and editorial offices at 300 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. and additional offices.

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Subscription: All complaints and changes of address must be addressed to *Iron Horse*, P.O. Box 1316, N.Y.C. 10116. 12 issues $42 in the United States; $54.00 in Canada

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Back Talk

Please send your letters, complaints, praises or just raw cash to: Iron Horse, 300 West 43d Street, New York, NY 10036

Bad Day

☐ Man, it looked like a good day this morning, but a buncha shit happened and it turned out to be one of my lifetime's ten shittiest. I got thirteen more beers between me and midnight yet to go, and I don't even think that'll fix it. If I wasn't so pissed off I'd tell you what happened. —*Hambone*

Serious Information

☐ I am in the process of seeking legal representation for the purpose of upgrading an unfair discharge, or being allowed to return to active duty. While serving on active duty in the U.S. Navy I was repeatedly forced to work in HIGH RADIATION AREAS with open wounds — direct violation of Navy and government regulations. I was also refused proper medical attention. When I tried to stand up for my rights, I was kicked out of the Navy, with an OTH Discharge, (Other Than Honorable). I know that I have a good case against the Navy. I served over a decade for my country and now am forced to live a life of hardships.

I plan to fight this to my fullest ability. Any help that you can assist me with will be greatly appreciated. I need addresses of where to get copies of medical records, service records, and any other administrations that may be of help. Also if you can recommend an attorney for my needs of taking on the government I would be forever grateful. I am willing to travel for my cause, and would like to speak to anyone interested in my efforts. I can be reached by mail or by phone at 902-689-2046.

— Bruce Faulkner
General Delivery
Chester Basin, N.S.
Canada BOJ 1KO

Sinbad's Plans

☐ I'm writing in the hope that you can help me get in contact with some long-lost friends and acquaintances. I'm gonna be puttin around the 48 contiguous states next summer, and I want to let people that I've lost contract with can write me at P.O. Box 5228, San Pedro, CA, 90731, right quick, so I can get my routes and stops together. I'd also appreciate any info you brothers and sisters of the wind can give me on places to check out and places to stay clear of.

Thanks, see you on the road. —*Sinbad* (or don't sin at all.)

Knows What He Likes

☐ If at all possible could you send the address of Marty Tatts who was in your October issue in Back Talk under the heading "Nice Tats." The skeleton playing the violin would have to be one of the best tattoos I've seen.

Keep up the great mag. — Thanks.

— Paul Conway
4 Loch Ard Drive
Torquay 3228
Victoria, Australia

—Hey Marty, ya got a fan. Get in touch with him.

Spike Bike

☐ Spike here from Holiday, Fla. Surely there's a spot in your mag for my scooter and me! I built her from scratch and this is a pic of my first day in Daytona for Bike Week "86."

It's a swift cruising '67 Trump (650 Tiger) that loves to hit the back roads.

Tulsa Time

☐ Yo, bros, I thought that ya all were due for some Jew. I'm a faithful reader, H-D rider, and the owner of a bunch of limeys. I've noticed that ya'll print some limeys, but not enough — I know there's more bros like me that have a lust for limeys. Could ya do us right and print this picture of my latest creation? It was shot in Tulsa, my summer home.

— Jew

You got it.

First Harley

☐ This is just to show ya that us people up here in the Frozen Northland do something besides fuckin, drinkin and fishin. This was the first Harley I ever owned, or ever rode for that matter. It cost a thousand bucks and came in five boxes. The frame was bare. I had it stretched and raked 5" and hardtailed by Smith Bros. The motor was bored, heads ported and polished, and the transmission rebuilt by Eagle Engineering, Minneapolis. I did some molding to it with duraglass. It was painted by Jerry Scherer and the striping was done by a friend of his, both out of Egan, Minnesota.

With a lot of help from my friends, this is what I ended up with. It took me four months to build — my whole fuckin summer — but I did get a chance to put 600 miles on it. I called it Strait Freight. Thanks to all my bros who helped me out.

— Scott Larson, Golden Valley, MN

Just This Once

☐ Please print this in your next issue of Iron Horse.

—John A. Rodella, Moorpark, CA

—Ordinarily I wouldn't pay any attention to a dude in a tux, but in your case, I'll make an exception.

Pappy One

☐ Here I am checkin out your January '87 issue at 6 o'clock in the mornin, but the fuckin thing that splits my fuckin brain is where the fuck is Pena Blanca Lake? I've never heard of it before. I've been to Sturgis a few times and to a few other places in the western and central states, but never there. Well, anyway, you guys have a nice fuckin layout of the Huns run and I congratulate WW for those Runnin' Free pics from Austin, Texas, for I too am Texas critter. I ride a '59 panhead, and me and my bros have put quite a few miles behind us in every kind of way. I want to congratulate you bros on a good set-up. I also would like the name of the babe on page 23 of this issue, the one in the center picture. She looks righteous and naughty and that's my kind of chick. I'm lookin for a righteous old lady to spend my time with.

— Pappy, Hayward, CA

— We don't know her name, but if she kites us, we'll let you know.

Got Eyes

☐ This is to the blonde lady in the Nov. '86 issue, page 78 wearing the red halter top in the spread "Bikers Rendezvous Canada." This handsome American Harley rider is dying to meet you, please get in touch. — Thanks.

— C.A. Burns
PSC 1 Box 910
Chas, A.F.B., S.C. 29404

— Ain't love wonderful?

A Brother Lost

☐ In loving memory of a true 1%er, **Phil Banchanski,** prospect of the Norsemen of Midgard M/C 1%. Bro, you died a prospect but entered Valhalla a full patch holder. Until it's my turn to cross Bifrost Bridge and putt through Odin's gates into Valhalla, you will not be forgotten. And on that day I'll be bringing your rags. Valhalla awaits!

— Wolfeye, Spokesman, East Coast NOMMC

The Norsemen of Midgard M/C 1% will be accepting applications for its NJ, NY, and PA chapters. Anyone interested should write to NOMMC c/o Wolfeye, PO Box 2305, Ventor, NJ 08406.

The Wannabe Corner

☐ We have been looking at Iron Horse; we meaning some good people I met in a little shit-hole county jail, waiting to be sent to the state prison. I'm not going to say we're bros, a lot of assholes use that word, he bro, what's up bro, just because they ride a cycle or even a fuckin mope-head. The same goes for all these American and rice running clubs. 1%ers know the meaning of brotherhood. I am not a 1%er, but plan on being one — a real patch holder. Where do you get all these patch-holders I've looked at? I haven't seen a single 1% tattoo on any of them, To me, Skinner, that says they're all wannabes.

If you don't print this, we'll understand. Bock, bock, chickenshit!

—Skinner Greathouse, Rooster Morgan, Wolfman, Somerset County Jail, PA

—So it all comes down to a tattoo, huh? You don't have to tell people you ain't a bro or a percenter — it's as plain as the zits on your face. Guess we'll have to put you in a special category a few steps down from wannabe —plantabe.

Pappy Too

☐ Hey, man, I don't give a flyin fuck whether you print this letter or not. I'm writin about that one asshole who calls himself Jeff Reed from Bronx, NY. He states that all other bike rags aren't worth reading, but I want to tell that sonofabitch whore that he's full of dog shit. I'm not a subscriber to any bike rag, but I buy every single one at my local drug store. I ride a '59 panhead and I read all kinds of biker rags, cause they give you a lot of fuckin info about where things are happenin and what's goin on. I've been riding since before your old lady was changin your fuckin skivvies, and you ain't shit. Print this letter if ya like, and if not then fuck you too.

— Pappy, Hayward, CA

Caught Us

☐ Hey, I just got issue #64, and I wanna know what the fuck happened on page 59? That fuckin panhead's upside down! Whatever it is that you guys are drinkin, it's not doin you any good.

— Large Sarge, Providence, RI

Well, see, we happened to be hangin our photographer by the heels at that point, and ... aw, shit. Might as well cop to it. We fucked up. Promise it won't happen again until the next time.

More Limey

☐ Hey, how's it goin? I read ever issue of Iron Horse, and I've always wanted a picture of my bike and myself in your mag. I would deeply appreciate if you'd print the picture enclosed of my 1962 Triumph Bonneville. It took me two years to complete it. Thanks.

— Eric Ward, Ivanhoe CA

With The Junkman

Probably you think scientists are pretty boring individuals, spending their days peeking up pelicans' poopshutes and sniffing salamander's secretions. Likely a lot of them do.

There's a bunch in Sweden, though, working under a grant from the Swedish Medical Research Council, who did some more interesting investigations. What these guys wanted to do was rig up a method for continuously monitoring vaginal temperature to see if women's sexual arousal including fucking, brought on any remarkable temperature changes.

It would seem like this was a massive waste of time, since you can stick nothing more elaborate than your finger in there and know that it's warm, and that it gets warmer the more sticking you do. Besides, the idea of a temperature monitor conjures up all these unpleasant images of wires hanging out of sweet little orifices where wires just don't damnit belong. And get righteously in the way.

That lack of imagination may account for why I'm not a scientist. These learned cats built a cute-as-hell little radiotelemetric whippet that looks like a diaphragm ring. It has two little bumps that point inward from the ring. One holds a teeny little battery and a likewise peewee oscillator that send radio signals. The other bump is the temperature sensor, which has a block-long bottled-in-bond technical name. The temp sensor takes its cues from four dot-sized widgets set at quarters around the circle. The circle itself is the antenna loop, and the whole thing's covered in rubber.

It's not your 50,000 watt radio station, and no Swedish CBers were jamming gears to pussy temperature updates. It broadcasts straight from the action to a receiving antenna under the bed, which is cable linked to some other goddamnit that's hooked up to an ink-writer graph machine.

Their findings in two volunteer subjects showed a *lowering* of vaginal temperature as the women began to get excited, and a big damn valley in the graph when they came. There it is: pussies actually get cooler during orgasm. Not by much, for sure, about a half a degree centigrade tops, but still a measureable drop.

Something to think about, eh?

* * *

Harley-Davidson informs me that they've launched a guaranteed resale program for the new 883 Sportys — if you buy one from a participating dealer before July 31, 1987, the company guarantees you your $3,995 purchase price in trade on a new FX or FL within two years of the purchase date. There are some qualifiers, like the bike has to be in "average" condition and "good working order," but it sounds like a goddamn good deal. Check with your dealer for all the wherefores and aforesaids and parties of the first part.

* * *

A little limerick comes in from Jim Travers. For it to rhyme, you have to understand that the name of the town as pronounced by New Englanders is

not cal-*lay* like the Frogs say it, but callus, like those hard places you get on your hands from work.

There once was a man from
East Calais
who had himself quite a huge
phallus
when stuck in the mud
he'd pull on his pud
and blast himself clear down
to Dallas.

* * *

If you recall a few issues back, in the Junkman's inaugural column, I mouthed off about music. As usual when I mouth off, I caught a lot of flack. Along with the incoming shrapnel were three cassettes that I'd like to call your attention to. When I said before that I don't know anything about country music, I didn't tell you the reason. The reason is that I don't fuckin like it. But I'll try not to let that get in my way.

"State Raised" by Rusty Smith and the Saddle Tramps was recorded in prison and smuggled out. The music is as lean and bare as a cell. The second song on this tape, "Another Day In Hell," shot me right back to 1969, a New Year's weekend that I spent in the Van Nuys, California, holding tank on a weed charge — what they called the Grass Shack then, the drug lockup. One of those nights they dragged in— literally — some poor bastard who was tripping. The cops had beaten him almost to death. He was isolated in one of the observation cells around the corner from us, and he screamed all night. I remember saying to someone that I wished I hadn't heard those screams. He looked at me real funny and said, "Not enough people heard those screams." Later the cops took that poor tripping bastard out again and the word was that he died.

I'll never forget that guy saying "Not enough people people heard those screams." My instant reaction to "State Raised" was that not enough people are hearing this music. It's not party music and it's certainly not screams. It's just goddamn good. "Don't Let The Bastards Get You Down" rings with that weird optimism everybody uses to haul themselves through a world of shit, what separates the people who hang in from the people who hang it up. "Blues For Pops" makes me so goddamn sad — any wayward son out there will feel the same way. You know what I'm talking about if you are one. It's how you feel tryir.g to explain your life to a man who'll never understand.

Like I said, not enough people are hearing this music. If you've ever been locked down you'll like this, and if you've never been locked down you owe it to yourself to hear the voices of men who are. You can order "State Raised" from Joint Venture, PO Box 7202, Santa Cruz, CA 95061.

Joe Warren is a different smoke altogether, and he's a funny sonofabitch sometimes. To him, a pussy ". . . looks just like Willie Nelson without no teeth." He got on my good side with that, and kept on it with "Dingleberry Blues;"

Look here bitch
that shit's makin my moust-
ache itch
Go on slut
get in there and wash your
butt

I would have liked "Blow 'Em All Away" a whole lot better if I hadn't just got through tangling with a New York State Trooper who thought he was sent by God to blow me and everyone who looks like me away. "Red Wings" is stone hilarious, a soft, sweet tune that just makes the lyrics that much funnier. Joe's song "Fuck You" ends with a great chorus of

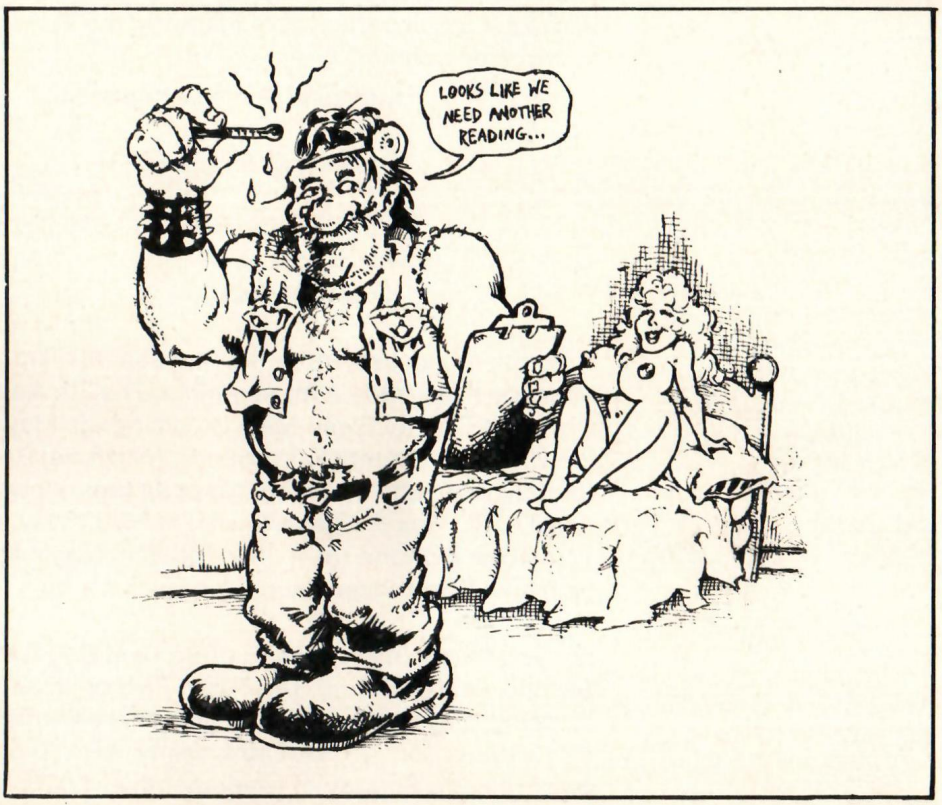
I'd like to empty my .44 at Boy
George
and if he don't like it
fuck him too.

Joe Warren's album "Biker" is sold through Red Wing Records, PO Box 2916, Baltimore, MD, 21229. Good party music.

The Burnt River Band also does a song called "Fuck You." This is a lot closer to my home rock 'n' roll territory. Burnt River's "Fuck You" is a balls-out raised finger FTW blast with a serious J. Geils sound. The "Fuck You" chorus, which is just that, has been circling in my head ever since I heard it the first time. A good song when you got an attitude.

All of the Burnt River Band's blues material has a strong Chicago element in it, mainly because lead singer Stan took his apprenticeship in the Windy City. And when you want rock'n' roll blues, Chicago is the town. They play about half blues material and half country-rock. Their country stuff sounds okay as country goes — I don't have enough first-hand experience to comment on it fairly.

These guys keep themselves busy on the circuit. They'll be playing Am Jam this year for sure, and a lot of other events. The Burnt River Band's cassette "Live at Carlton Harley-Davidson" is available from them direct at 9839 Snow Road, Cleveland, Ohio, 44130.



BIKER CALENDAR

Send us information on your upcoming events, runs, parties, and any phone numbers we can call for a good time. We need to know about this stuff three or four months in advance, or else we'll be yappin about it after all the beer cans have been raked up and everyone's gone home. Got it? Good, now shape up and drop us a kite.

This should be a big one: A pledge run in memory of Lowell Yacko and *all motorcyclists* who have crashed and burned, with the proceeds going to the Muscular Dystrophy Association. The date is Sunday, July 19, leaving from Greely, Colorado, and riding to Estes Park, Colorado. They say they'll be a free concert and barbeque for all participants following the event. For more information contact:

Memorial Run Headquarters
600 37th Ave. Ct.
Greeley, Colorado 80634
or
Muscular Dystrophy Association
in Boulder
(303) 440-7921

Grab the extra cash and bring that dented diamond primary cover. Maybe we can trade it for somethin. The 7th Annual ABATE of Crawford County Swap Meet is coming up, May 30th and 31st, at the Crawford County Fairgrounds, Meadville, PA. Adult games (our favorite), and camping. No open fires allowed. Contact ABATE, PO Box 5, Saegertown, PA 16433. Day phone: (814) 336-1771. After 6 phone (814) 336-1010. Saturday's entertainment will be by the **Burnt River Band**, who we like a lot.

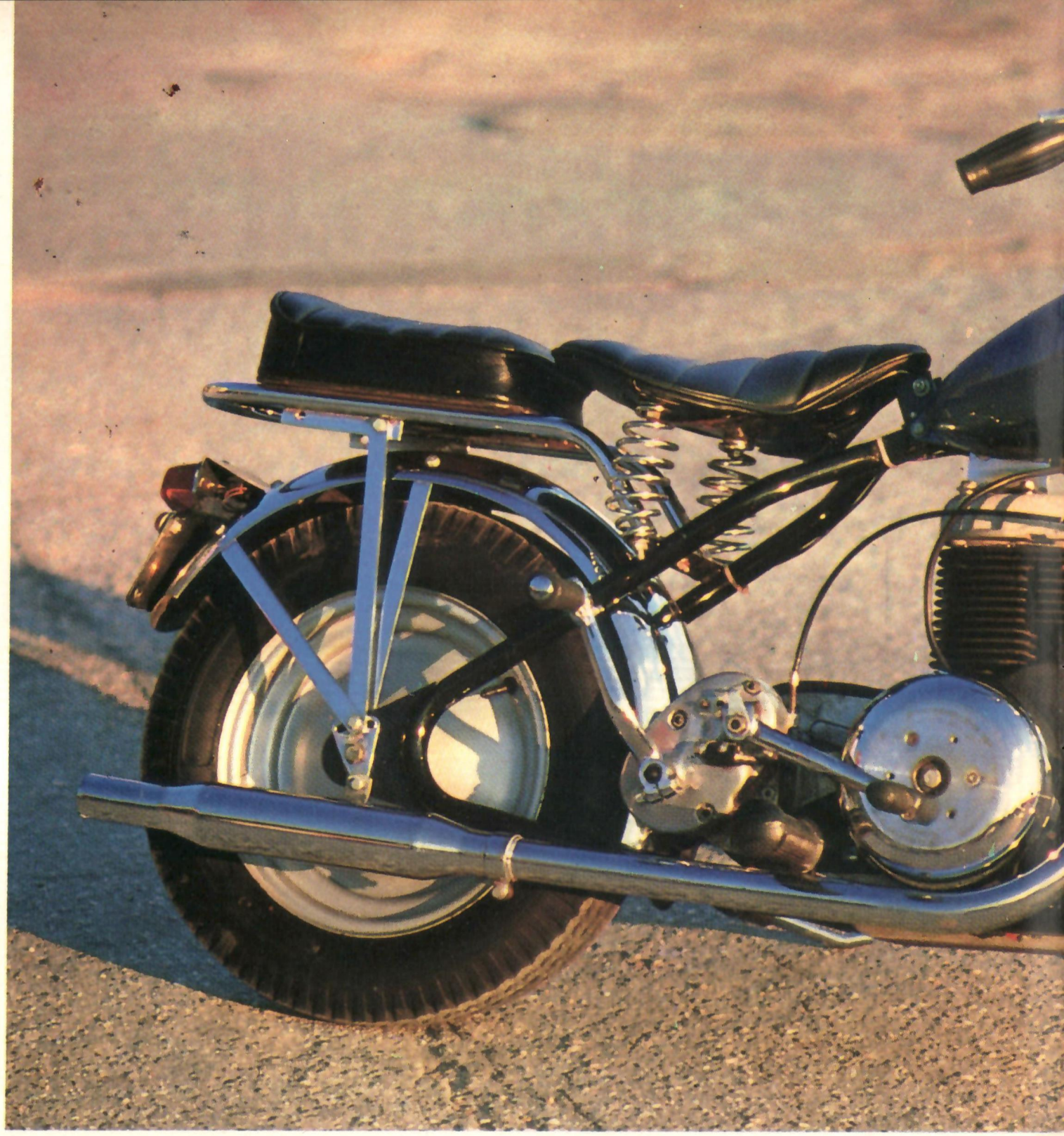
For you thirsty ones, ABATE of Broome County is holding their Second Annual Spring Keg Party. Rain or shine, May 9. Overnight camping is available. For more information write them at PO Box 41, Kirkwood, NY 13795. Drink hearty. ABATE of Broome County meets the 3rd Sunday of every month at 1:00 p.m. at The Little Jewel, Conklin Rd, Conklin, NY.

MANIC FOR MUSTANGS

Story by Oral Hedd

Life Just Wasn't Complete Without This Sleek Mount

Photos by W.W.



It's a well know fact among shrinks that most of our childhood dreams and fears tend to haunt us throughout our adult lives in one form or another, which probably accounts for the consistently fucked up nature of the world. F'rinstance, that stinky kid ya knew in the third grade who used to eat his boogers and wear his sister's panties is now the local chief of police, and there's no tellin what kind of weird trips he's runnin down on the unsuspecting populace or what kind of weird trips are runnin *him*. Ya just never know. And what about a dude who acts with a monkey in a movie and then 30 years later becomes the President? What's that all about? Shit, not only is the world as crazy as we imagine, it's crazier than we *can* imagine.

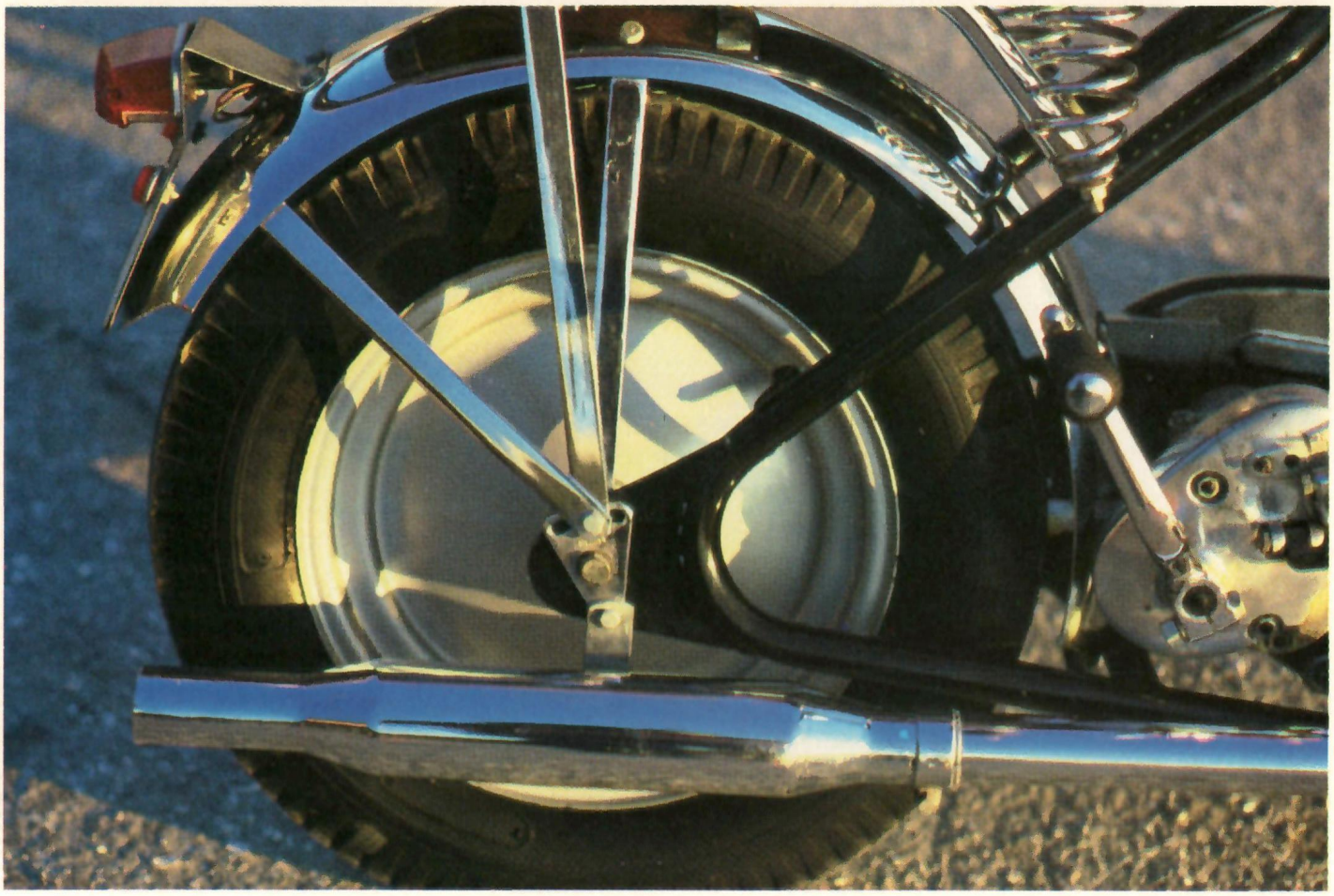
Which brings us to Steve Groth down Houston, Texas way. Steve is no maniac as far as I know, but the shape that his particular childhood haunting took was the form of a Mustang motorcycle. Ya see, as a kid there was nothing that Steve wanted more than a sleek and shiny Mustang, the cute little scooter they called the "Baby Harley". Even in later life when he was up on Harleys, he couldn't shake that heart wrenching yearning he'd felt as a kid whenever he saw a Mustang roll by. In his youth he was trapped on a NSU "Quickly" moped while his heart

burned with desire for the real class that only a Mustang could bring. But he never got one. Well, thanks to a good bro and a nameless Suzuki dealer in Arkansas, Steve finally made his childhood dream come true, when he latched on to this 1955 Mustang Pony.

The Pony was the starting point for the Mustang line which reached four models at its peak; the basic 3 speed Pony, the slightly hotter Bronco, the higher performance, 4 speed Stallion with spoked wheels, and the top of the line Thoroughbred with its swingarm frame. The Mustang story began at the end of WWII when the first model, the Colt, debuted featuring a 125cc Villers single. Actually the company wanted a 250, and in 1947 came up with a 19.4 cubic inch (331 cc) industrial engine previously used in concrete buggies at construction sites. That 1947 Mustang, designed by Howard Forest and Chuck Gardner, had the first telescopic forks on an American made motorcycle, beating out H-D's Hydra Glide by a few months. The bike was about as basic as you could get with its tiny hardtail frame and wheels, single cyclinder motor, and magneto ignition. Although Mustang manufactured the majority of its components, the carb was an Amal (switching to Del Orto in '59) and the tranny was a 3 speed Burman gearbox.

It had a top speed of 65 to 70 mph and

4GA 684

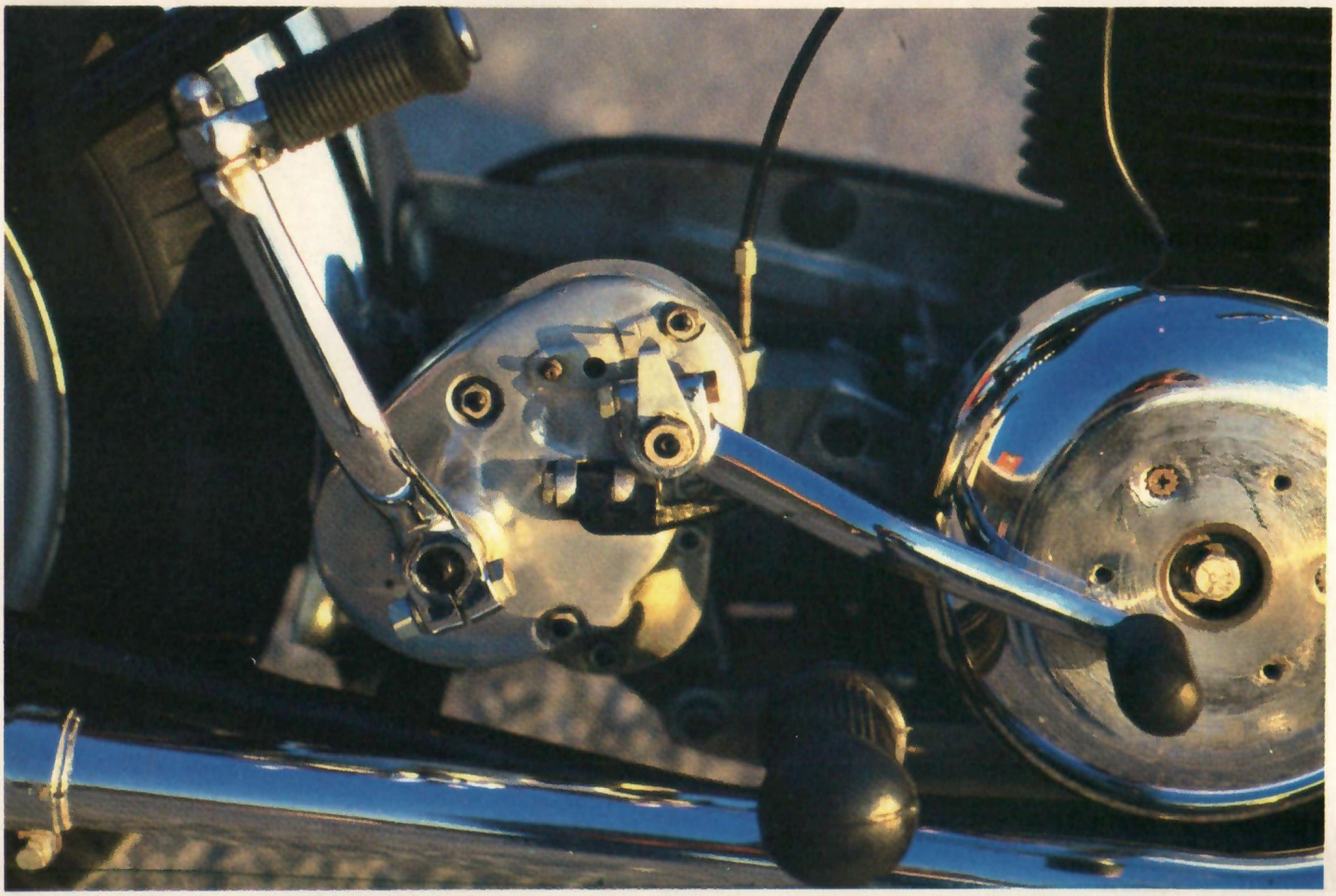


its most distinctive feaures were its exposed flywheel on the right side and its classic, beautiful tank, which can still be seen in repro form on many custom Harleys today. Believe it or not, the little bike did well in competition, specifically endurance runs, and set a speed record for its class in '52 with a top speed of 100 mph.

The Mustang run was short lived, spanning barely 20 years of production. The partial production year of '65 signalled the end of the line thanks to two main forces; the invasion of the Japanese lightweights and the decision by Burman to cease production of their transmission when the British bikes went to unit construction. But like most defunct marquees, Mustang lives on in the dreams of those who rode or wanted to ride them.

Special thanks: Alan Wenzell, Dallas, Tx. (214) 741-3399, and Larry Zorn, Long Beach, CA (213) 422-5415, two diehard Mustang fans who keep the dream alive with their restorations.

If you're into these bikes you might watn to drop the Mustang Motorcycle Club of America a line c/o Jerry Mills, 4516 Cypert Rd., Yukon, OH 73099.



THE MOTORCYCLE MAN

by Clyde Spain

I was just a squirt when I saw my first motorcycle. It roared past the house going like crazy, and it sounded like the Fourth of July on wheels! To say that I was thrilled just wouldn't cover it. The time was 1934, and I was just three years old. I'm over fifty now, but I can still remember that happening like it was yesterday.

After that day, I spent a lot of time just sitting on the front porch hoping to see another "motorsickle" going by. And every time I did, I got goose bumps. The thrill has never gone away either, and by the time I was old enough to say "motorcycle" correctly, I knew that when I grew up I would get me one.

Now cars looked just fine, and I liked them. Airplanes were even better! But for me, motorcycles were the tops, and I have never changed my mind about that.

As I grew bigger over the next few years, people would ask me what I wanted to be when I grew up, and I'd tell them, "I want to be a motorcycle man!" And every time I said that, I could see in my mind's eye, that first motorcycle that I had ever seen. Only now it was ME riding it! My hair was blowing in the wind, and my clothes were rippling. My goggles were over my eyes and blue flame was flashing from my exhaust stack. My imagination was so vivid by now, that I could cause goose pimples by just thinking about it.

Anyway, this ambition of mine got everything from frowns from my school teachers, to laughs from my Paw. But the one that was really laughing was ME! Even as a child, I knew that they didn't understand. None of them did, not even Paw. So it was my secret, and I just laughed too. And waited.

Time seemed to move pretty slowly back in those days, and waiting isn't easy for the young ones. But I had it to do, like it or not. Of course school helped fill in the time. I really didn't like school, but it was better than having nothing to do. Besides, there were lots of girls there, and I guess I always had an eye for them after I found out about sex.

I also like a good fight too. I was tall and thin as a very young boy, with hair so blonde that it was almost white. Back in those days, the term that applied to me was "pretty boy." But anyone that called me that to my face got his butt kicked in a flash, and with the way I looked, I got plenty of fighting. Many a bigger kid found himself flat on his back with a bloody nose after teasing me, and they never came back for seconds either. My fists were a disaster for any bully even twice my weight, and I took no crap from anyone, so I never would have won a popularity contest at school either.

The day finally came when I turned sixteen, and I asked Paw to get me a motorcycle for my birthday. "Well nope," he said, "but if you work at the airport all summer cutting grass, I'll help you buy a car." And he wouldn't give an inch either. That was IT!

I was really disappointed as heck, but I dropped it. Well, a car wasn't too bad, and most of the guys at school didn't have one. Also a guy with a car had a real shot at about any girl at school, so things could have been worse.

Paw worked at the airport, so I rode to work with him. I'd crank up that old tractor and try to mow the whole darned airfield in one day. But the airport was so big that by the time I got through at one end, it was time to start mowing again at the other end. I liked driving just about anything back then, so I didn't mind the job. And the best part was that I was making a cool sixty cents an hour! Well, that was twice as much as the other kids were making on their summer jobs. And with me living at home, I could save almost every penny of it. I mowed ten hours a day, six days a week, and the dough was just pouring in. I rat holed thirty five bucks a week all summer long, so when the autumn leaves started to fall, and school was about to start, I bought my car.

It was a 1937 Ford, and it was clean looking. It ran all winter long without any problems, and I really got around. I had more than my fair share of dates too, but I was still a bit shy around girls. I mean, I knew what I wanted to do, but in those days, sex was like Fort Knox with lace on it. But I came pretty close a few times, and I knew that sooner or later I would score some cutie at the drive-in movie. But in the mean time, the real deal with me was trying to figure out how I cold get a motorcycle! It took almost two more years, and when it happened, it was a fluke.

It all came about real sudden, and none of my sneaky plans were even needed. It was the end of another school year, and I'd just been promoted to Junior in high school. I guess I really didn't have any passing grades, but my teachers didn't want me back in their classes next year. The last day of school had resulted in a beer bust that evening, and I'd gotten drunk for the first time in my life. And on the way home I had bent the right front fender of my car somehow. And to this very day, I don't know when or how I'd done it. But heck, no big deal.

Anyway, the next day I drove the car to a body shop to get the fender fixed, and there stood this guy with his arm in a sling. So while I was waiting around for somebody to look at my fender, I asked him what had happened to his arm. He told me that he had broken it when he had fallen off of his MOTORCYCLE!

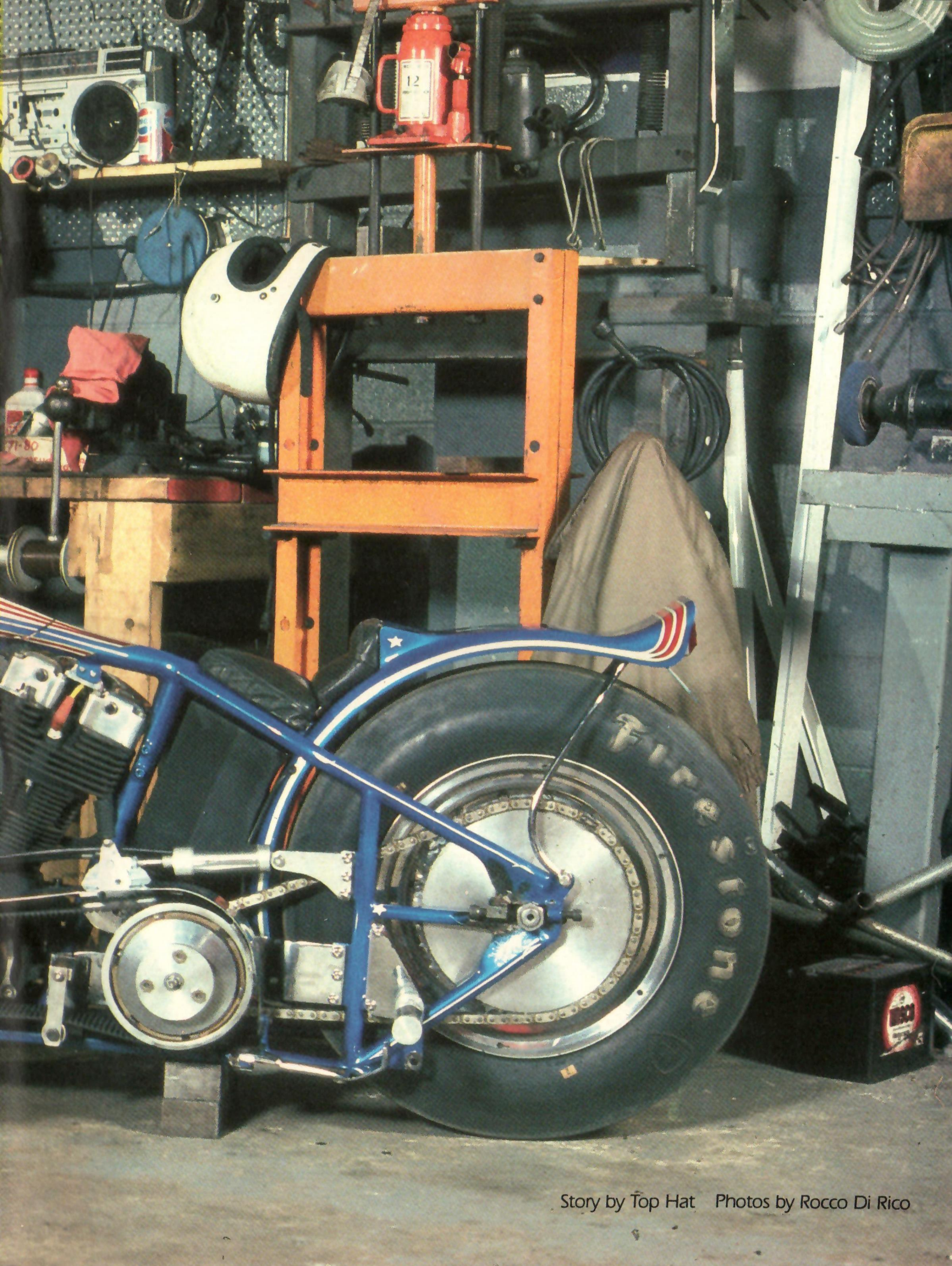
Well, to make it work was easy, as he was depressed. We went to a notary and I traded him my car for his motorcycle. And this time Paw couldn't stop me, though I knew he wouldn't be happy about this.

The cycle was a Harley Davidson, 61 Overhead. The bike was painted

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

THE U.S. EXPRESS

American-Made Rapid Transit



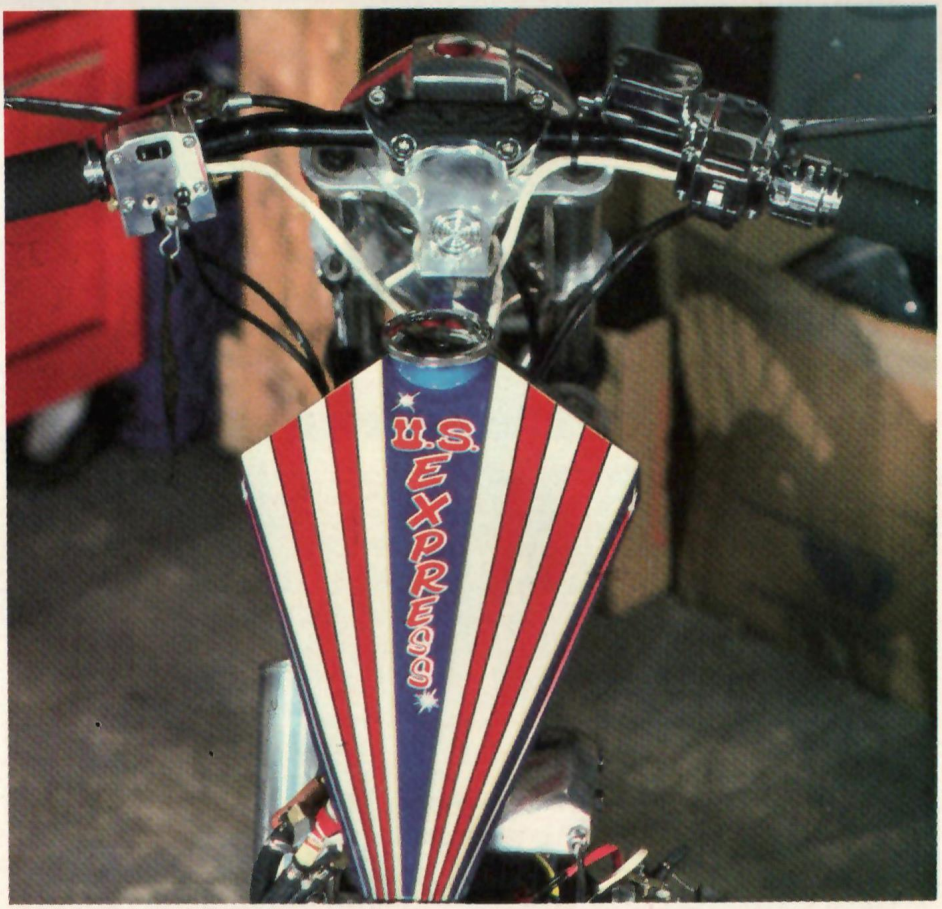
Story by Top Hat Photos by Rocco Di Rico

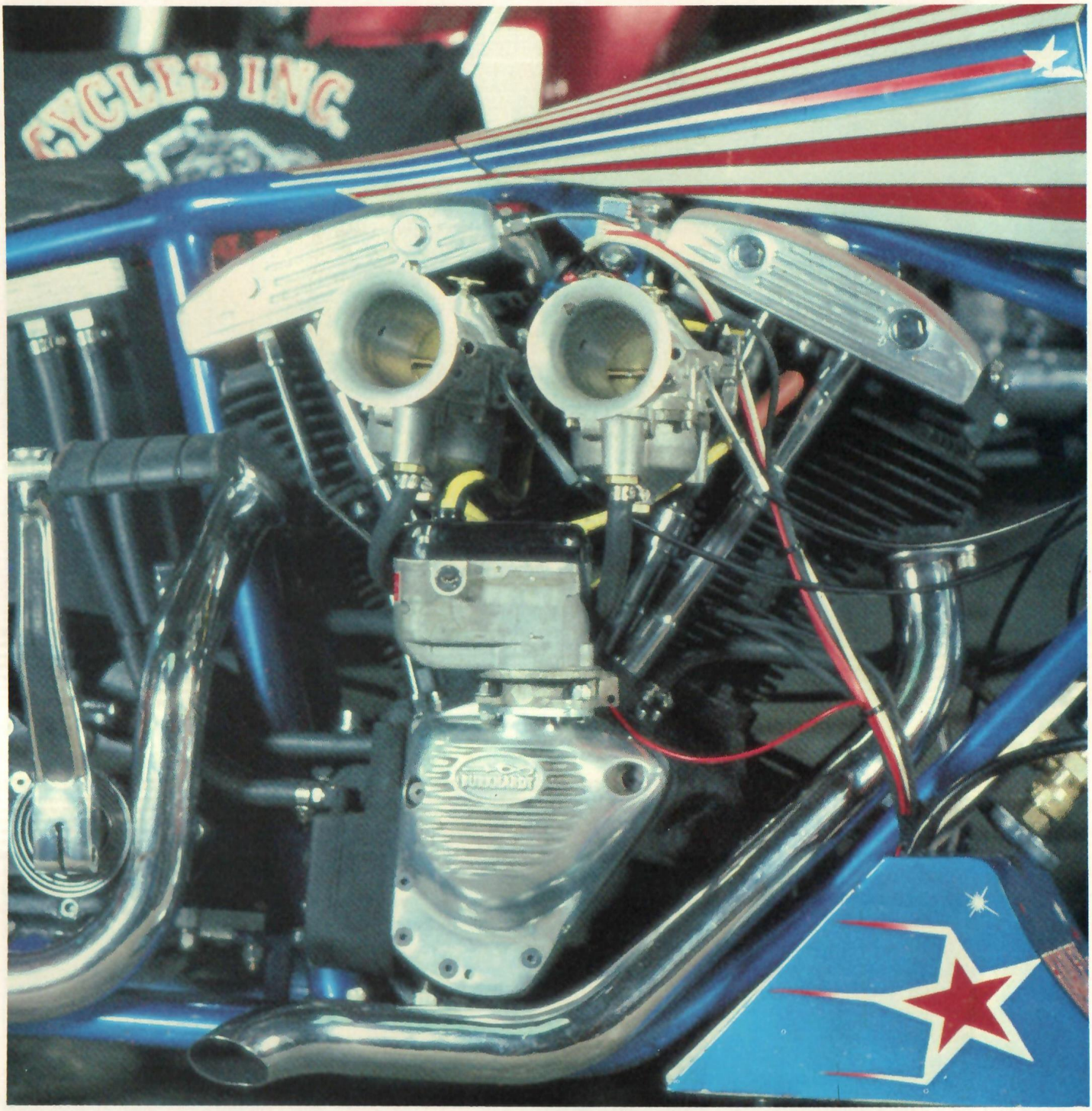
HARLEY-
DAVIDSON

Start talking high-tech Harleys that crank out horsepower in numbers like the national deficit and most guys get kind of quiet. It's a very narrow world, and few motorcycle shops can really deliver the goods. Cycles Inc. is one of the few.

Owner and chief visionary of Cycles Inc. is Marty MacCollum, a man whose main mission in life is to get there before you can, especially in the quarter mile. Marty and his crew Cass and Dave have been doing go-fast business for years from their Rahway, New Jersey shop, developing a reputation for quality work and attracting a loyal clientele of hard-core believers from as far away as Mississippi and Montana. Nowhere is their work better demonstrated than on the U.S. Express.

This is their idea of a street bike, see, a jap eater. Putting down about 150 horses (175 on nitrous) from a 95-inch motor, it cuts the quarter in 10-ohs, about 140 miles an hour. Although Marty's brother Tommy Taylor owns the bike, Marty's taken quite a few passes on it. For a street race, Marty says that with some basic qualifiers, the U.S. Express will take anything that





TECH SHEET

Owner: Tommy Taylor
City: South Plainfield, NJ

General
Fabrication by: Cycles Inc.
Year and Make: 1986 construction
Model:
Value: $18,000
Assembly By: Cycles Inc.
Chroming: Best Plating

Engine
Year: 1986 construction
Model: Shovelhead
Rebuilder: Cycles Inc.
Ignition: Hunt magneto
Displacement: 95 cu. in.
Lower End: S&S
Balancing: Cycles Inc.
Pistons: Venolia
Cases: H-D
Heads: H-D and Cycles Inc.
Cams: Lein-Weber
Lifters: S&S solids
Carbs: S&S
Air Cleaner: None
Pipes: Cycles Inc.
Mufflers: None

Frame
Year: 1986 construction
Builder: Harmon and Cycles Inc.
Type: Rigid
Rake: Some
Stretch: A lot
Other Alterations: You betcha

Accessories
Bars: Drag
Risers: H-D
Fenders: Cycles Inc.
Headlight: H-D
Taillight: Ford Granada
Speedo: None
Front Pegs: None
Rear Pegs: Cycles Inc.
Electrics: 12 volt
Gas Tank: Cycles Inc.
Oil Tank: Cycles Inc.
Oil System: Cycles Inc.
Primary Cover: Cycles Inc.
Seat: Cycles Inc.

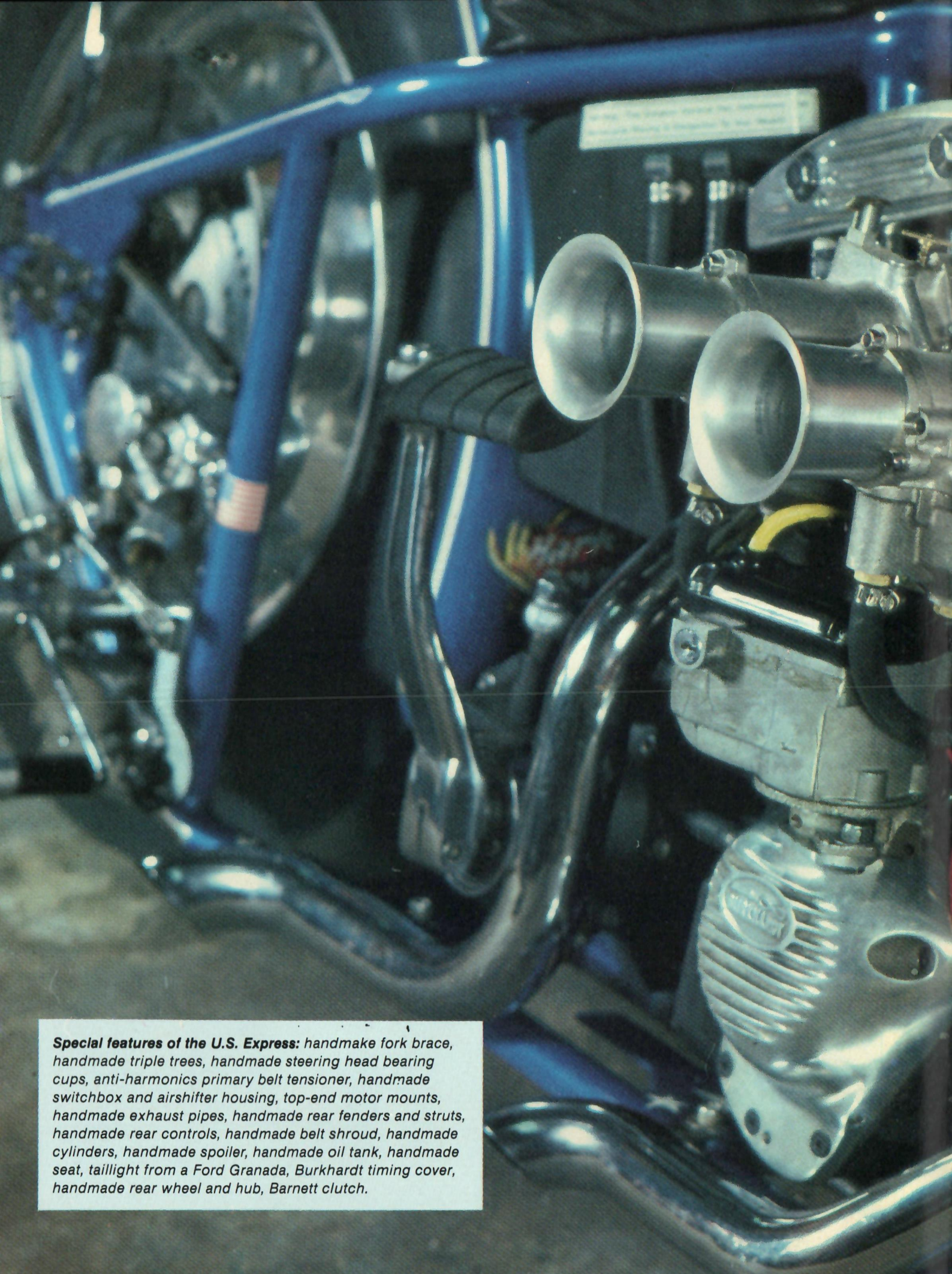
Tranny
Modifications: All Andrews, speed-cut gears
Year: 1961
Shifting: Air and foot

Painting:
Molding: Mike Cantagallo
Painter: Mike Cantagallo
Color: Red, white and blue
Type: Centauri
Special Paint: Lettering by Wes

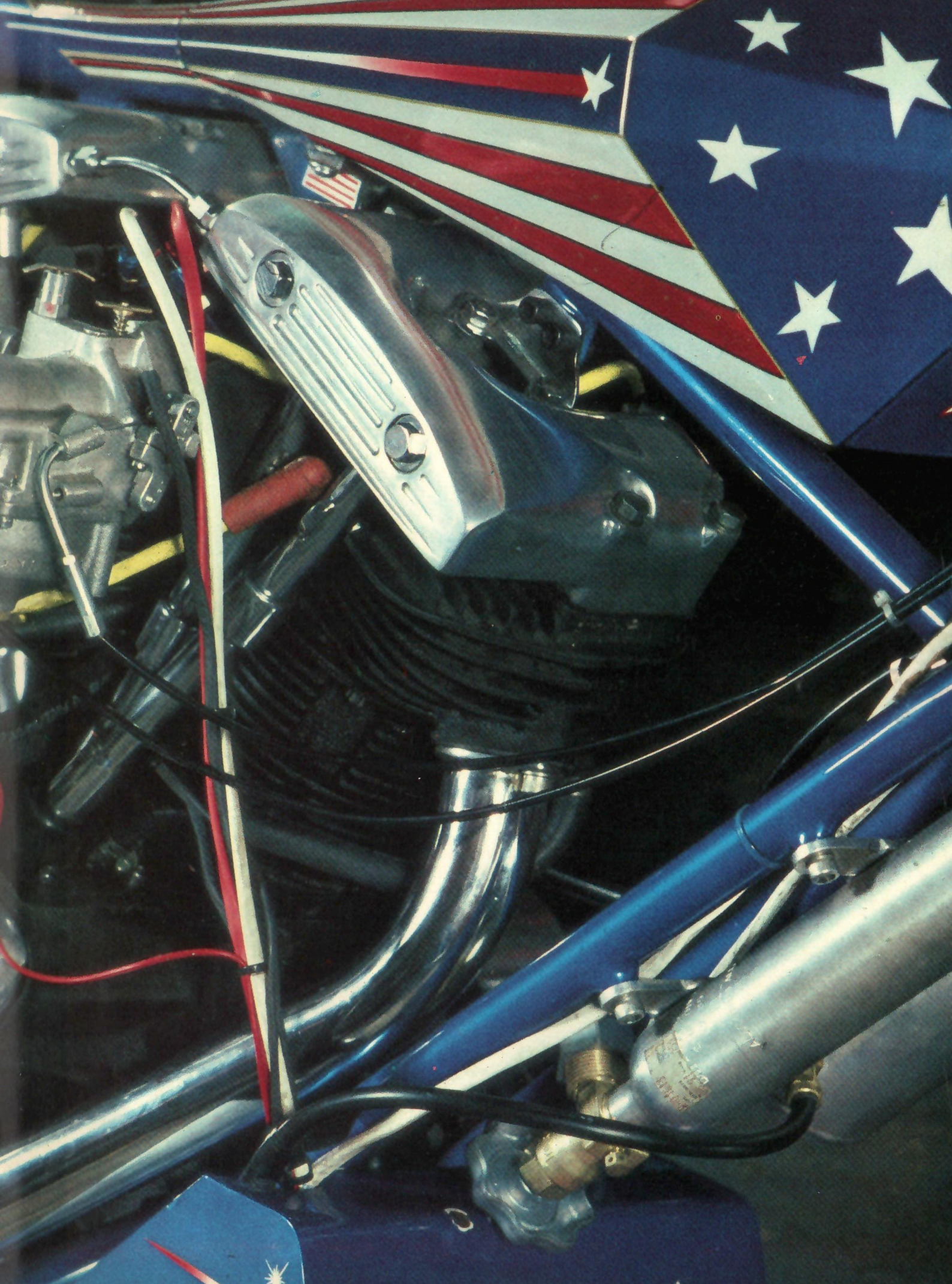
Forks
Type: Telescopic
Extension: Stock
Builder: H-D
Special Features: Handmade trees, stabilizer, shaved legs

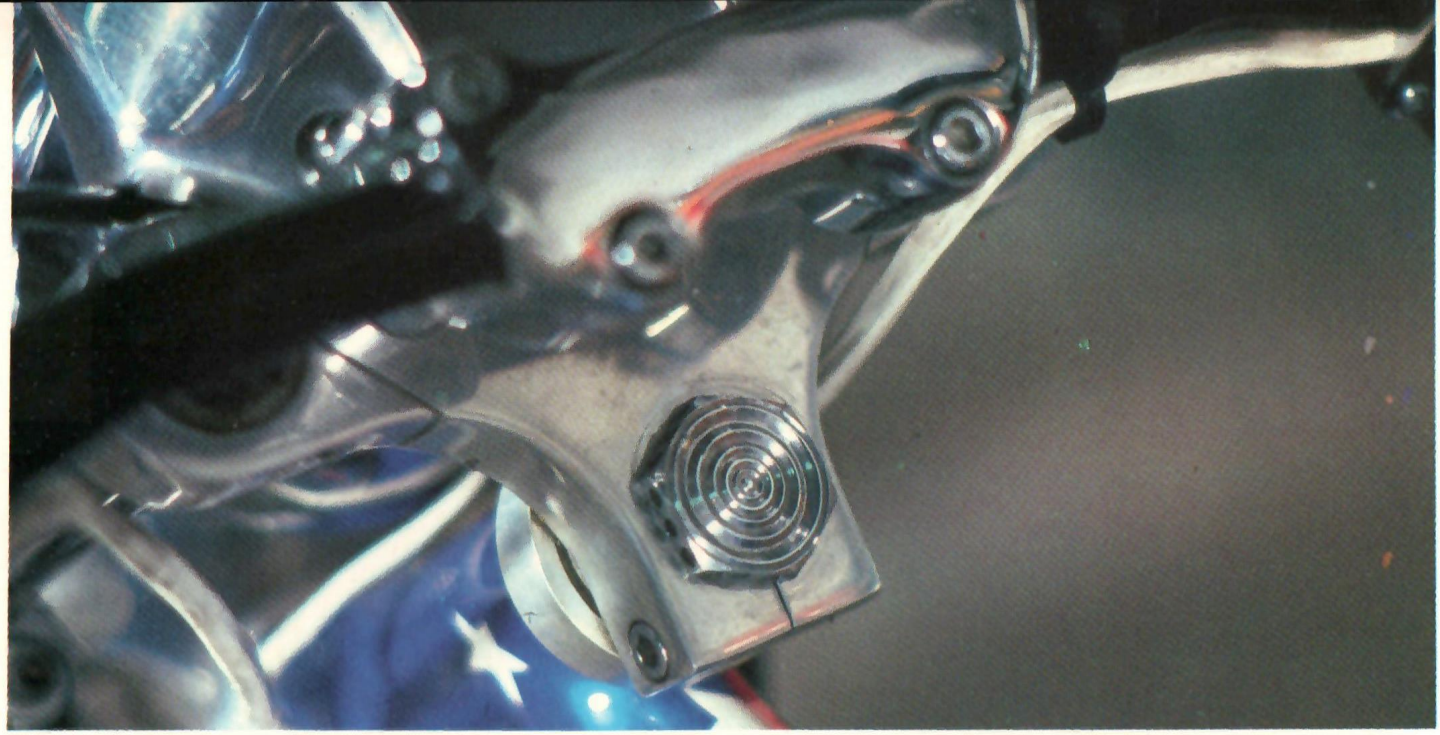
Wheels
Front Wheel: 19"
Rear Wheel: Cycles Inc.
Front Hub: H-D
Rear Hub: Cycles Inc.
Front Tire: Continental
Rear Tire: Firestone
Front Brake: H-D
Rear Brake: Yeah

DF53

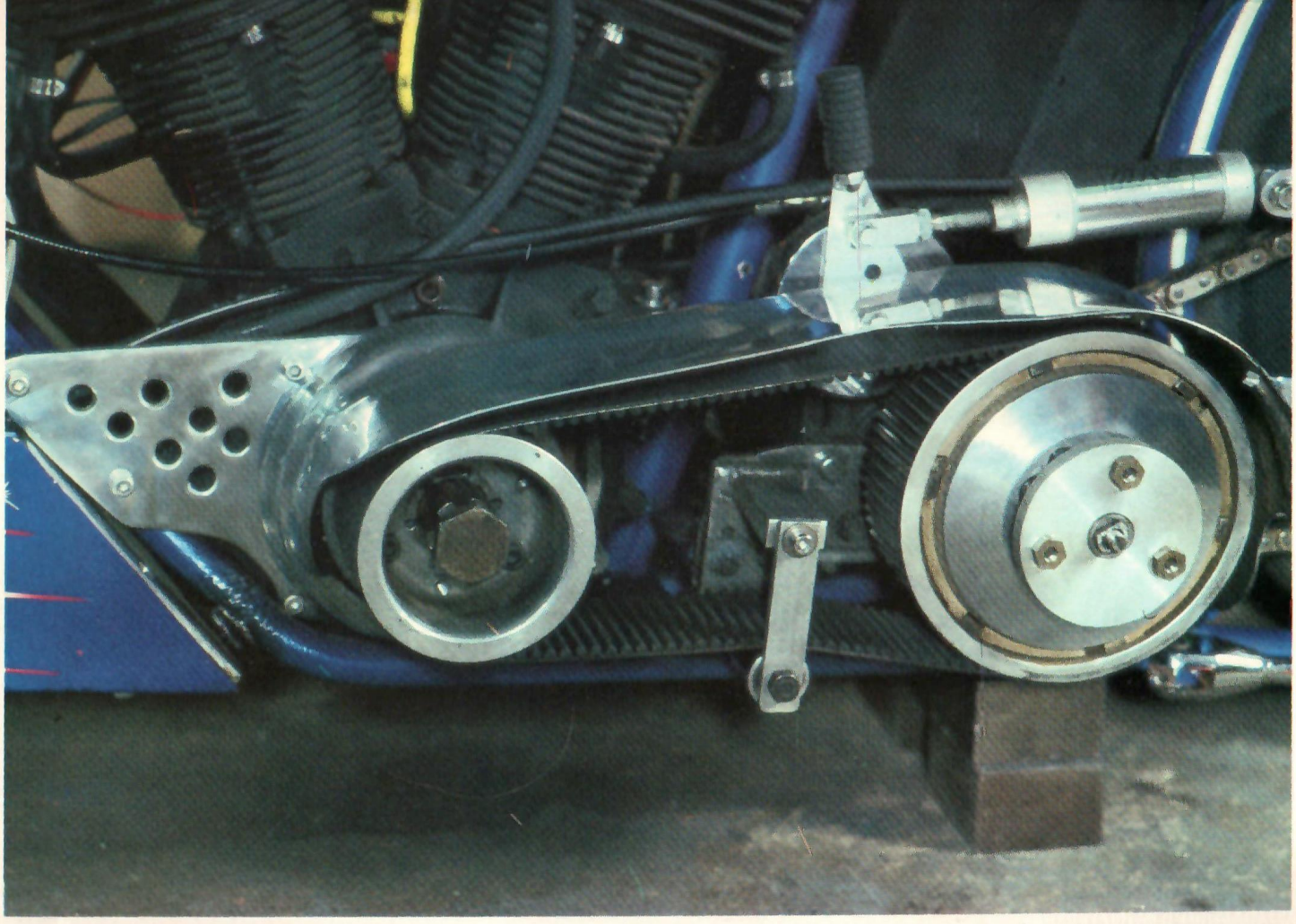


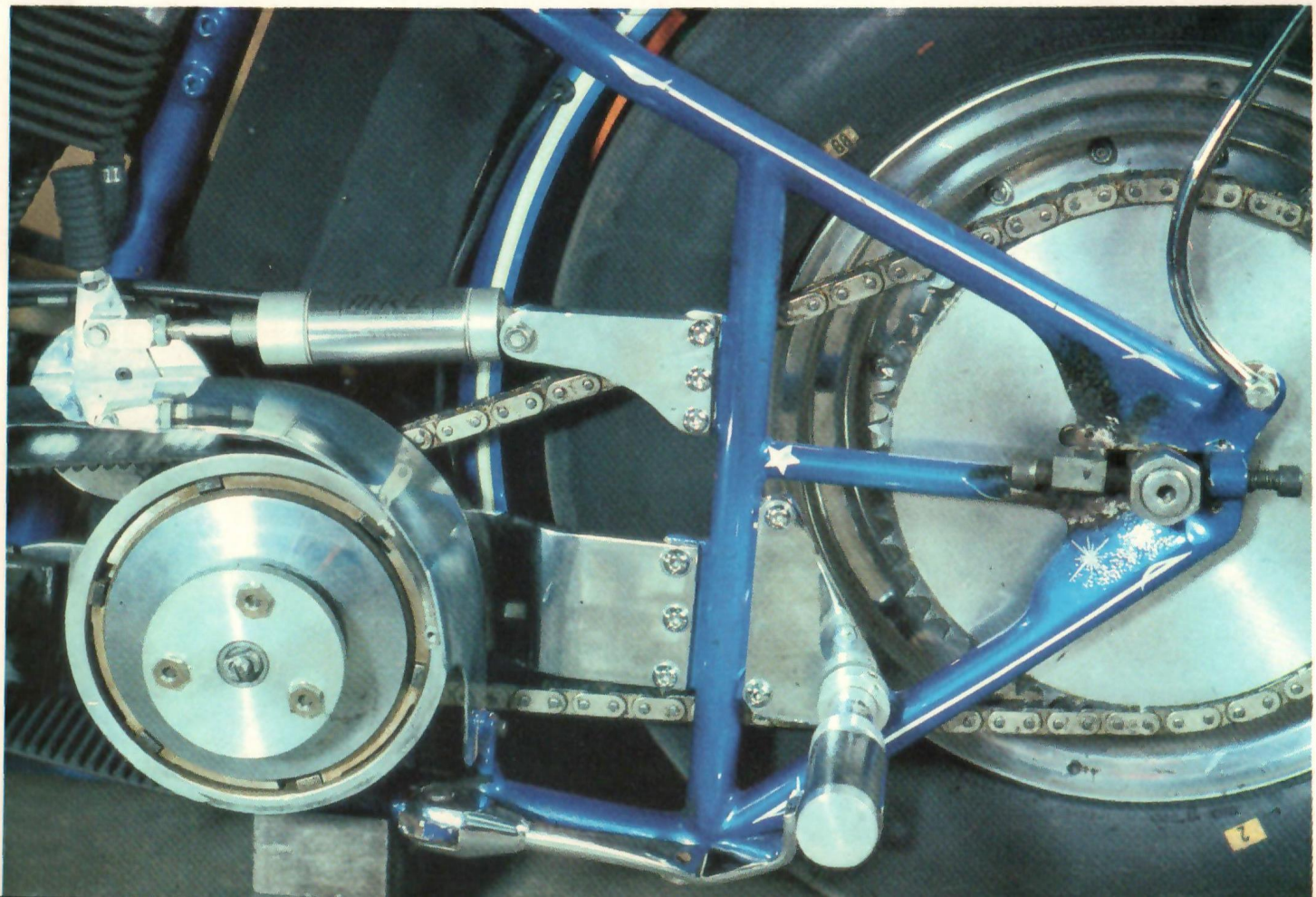
Special features of the U.S. Express: *handmake fork brace, handmade triple trees, handmade steering head bearing cups, anti-harmonics primary belt tensioner, handmade switchbox and airshifter housing, top-end motor mounts, handmade exhaust pipes, handmade rear fenders and struts, handmade rear controls, handmade belt shroud, handmade cylinders, handmade spoiler, handmade oil tank, handmade seat, taillight from a Ford Granada, Burkhardt timing cover, handmade rear wheel and hub, Barnett clutch.*

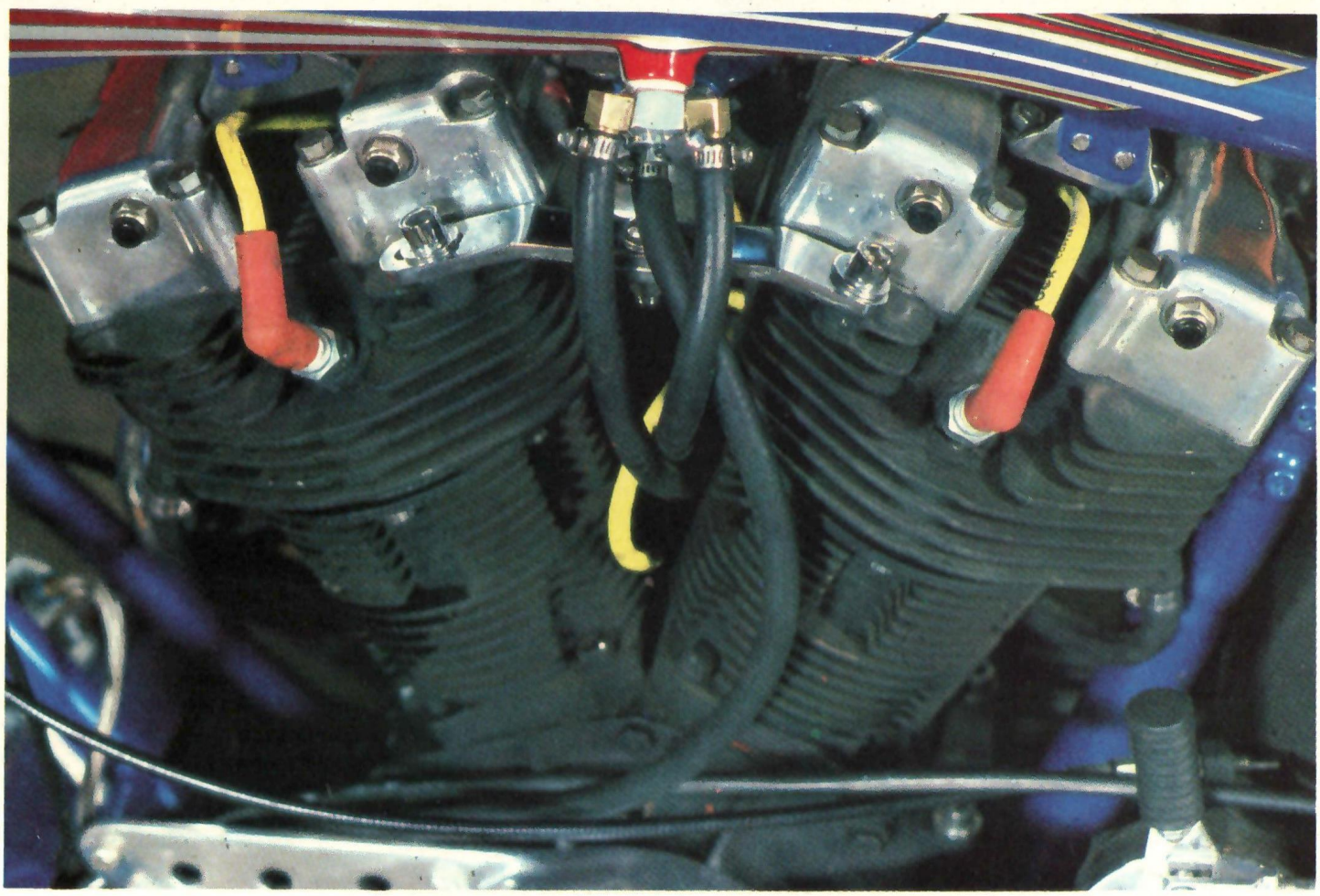




HIGH
LOW
M.R.E
REMOVE
BEFORE
FLIGHT



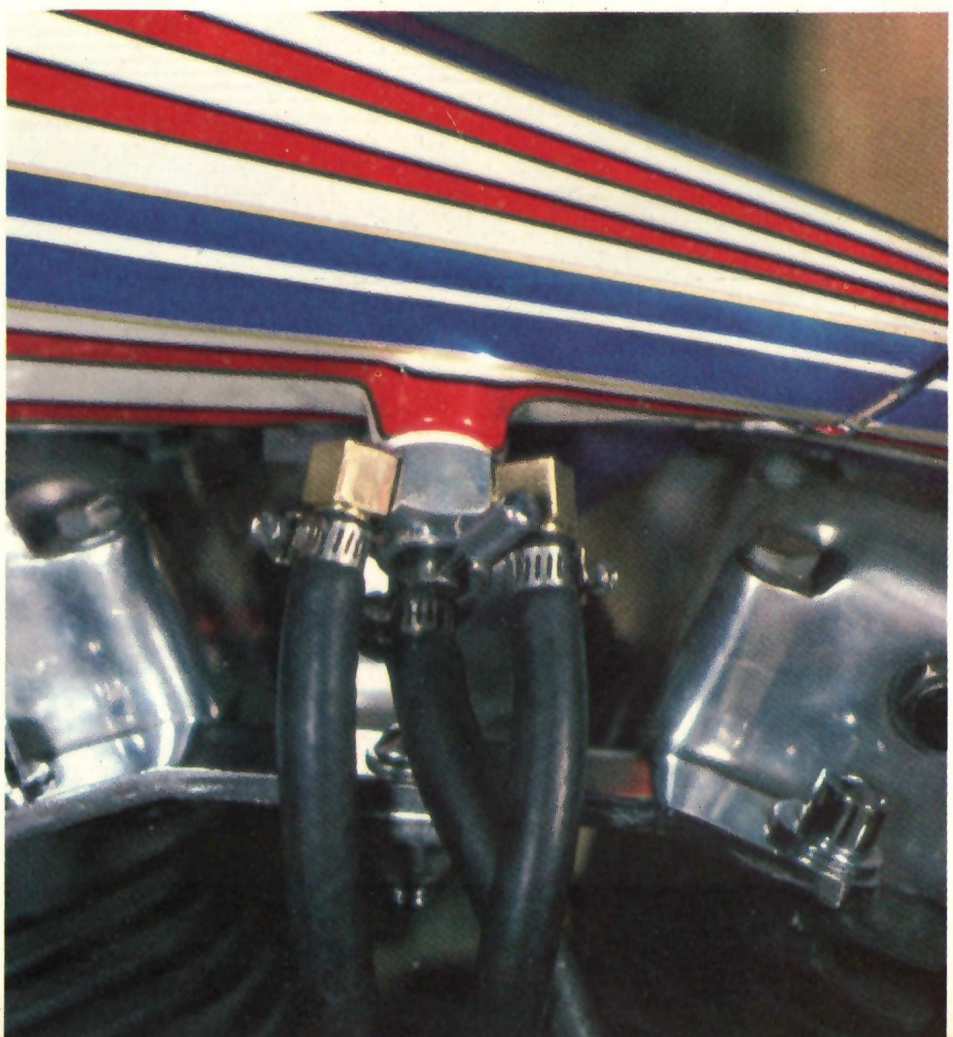


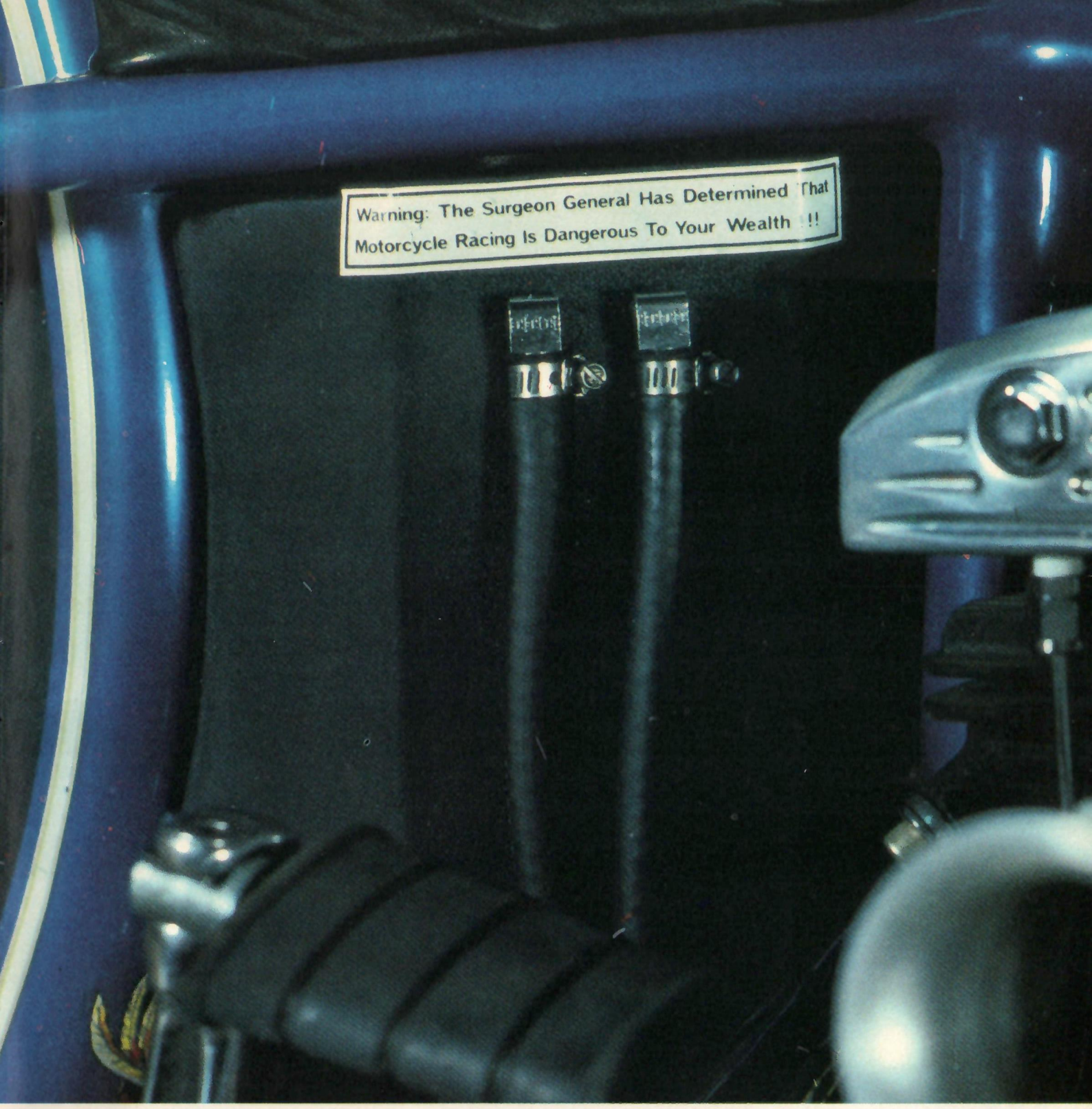


comes out of Tojoland; "My rules are no wheelie bars, no blowers and no turbos. Any naturally breathing jap bike, even with work, we can take it."

We showed up on a grim, rainy day, which kept them from taking the Express out front to do some hole shots. They played us a videotape, though . . . Marty in the pilot seat, idling in the lot waiting for traffic to clear on Route 1, rolling out to the center lane and lining up, and blasting the hell out of there in a chest-high wheelie, solid gone . . . fuckin fantastic to turn a rocket like that loose on the citizens. Route 1 is no back road. It's one of New Jersey's major arteries.

They used videotape to dial the bike in. On the tape of Marty's first run, they saw clouds of black smoke from the pipes and a huge mist hovering outboard of the carbs — much too rich and half the gas blowing out raw. Velocity stacks and two jets smaller for the second pass; no more mist and less exhaust smoke. Two more jets down and that's it— and this isn't just a double-fast mill, it's street reliable. "I'd put that engine into a different frame," Marty said, "and ride it to Florida." It can be kickstarted if necessary.



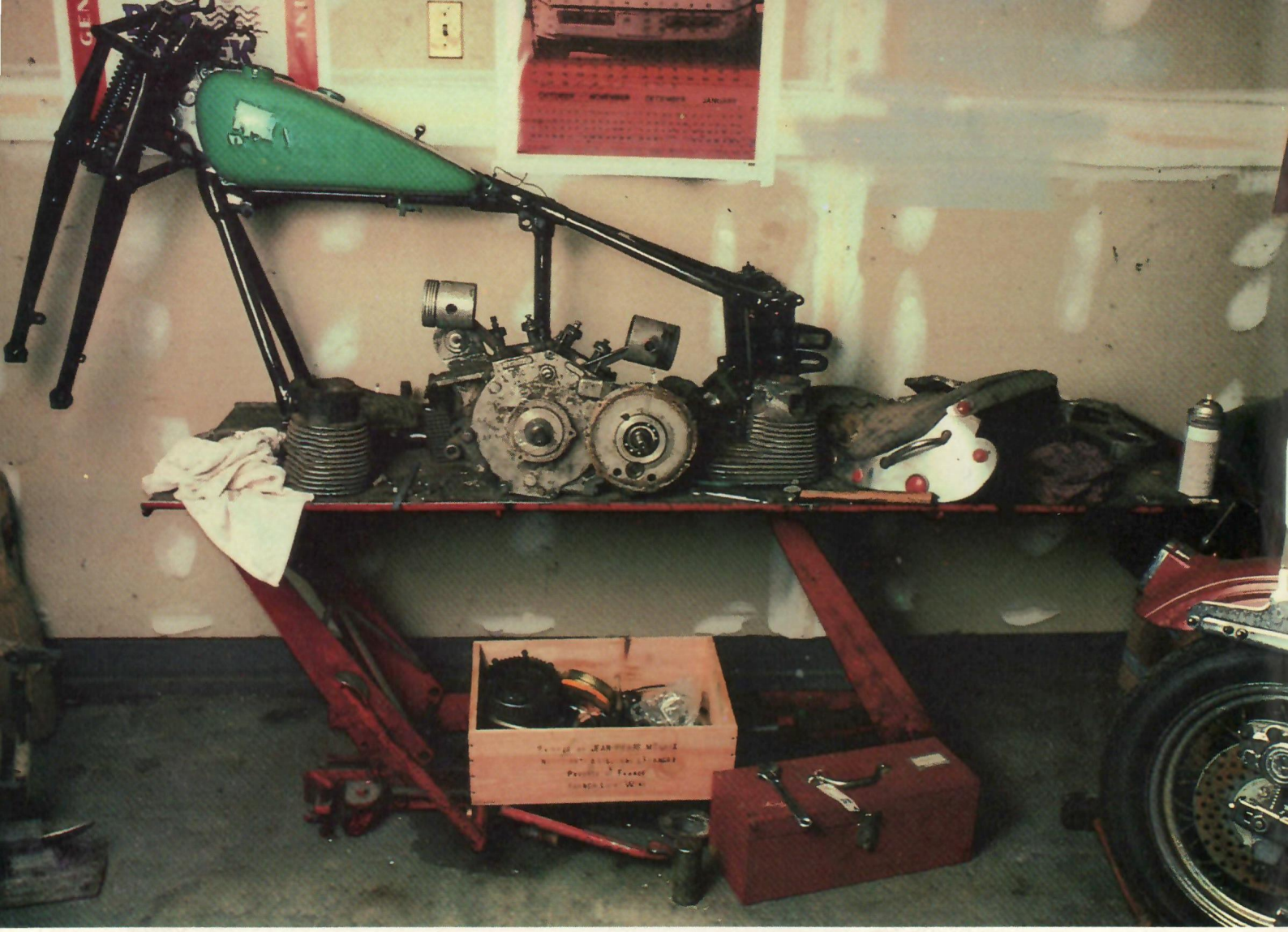


There's four years of on and off work in the U.S. Express, which sounds like a long time until you begin to soak up just exactly how much handcrafting has been done. Take in the handmade triple trees and the handmade barrels; or the rear wheel. The rear whel started out as a pair of Cragar Supertrick car rims. Up at the parts counter is a black and white photo of Marty playing with an earlier ignition system: dual Morris mags. They went back to a single Joe Hunt when they found that one of the Morris units was grounding itself out. Hell, the challenge on the U.S. Express is to find a part that *isn't* handmade or modified. And there are damn few.

How many Ford Granada taillights do you see on Harleys?

And along with handmaking parts, there is a definite talent to adapting available systems, like they did with the NOS nitrous set-up and the MRE air shifter (for this session, the foot-shift linkage was off the bike). The spoiler conceals parts of the air and nitrous systems, along with a battery.

I could go on about the mechanical intricacies of the U.S. Express and miss one big central point about the machine: its beauty. This is the kind of beauty that comes from starting out with a concept and having the ability to bring the concept to the pavement.



THE IRON HORSE PROJECT INDIAN

Part I: The Ugly Truth Revealed

Story by Top Hat

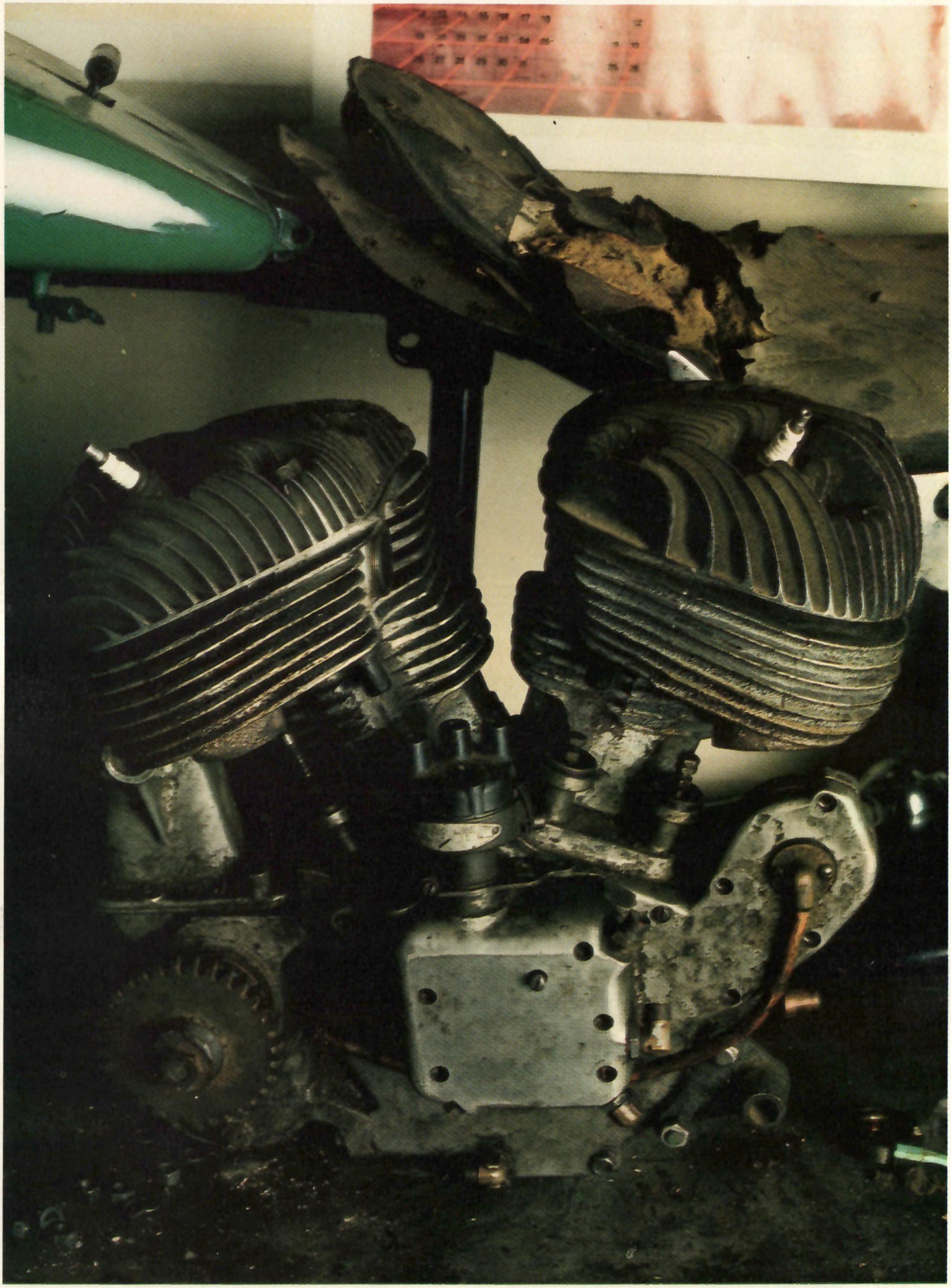
Photos by Michael Belenky

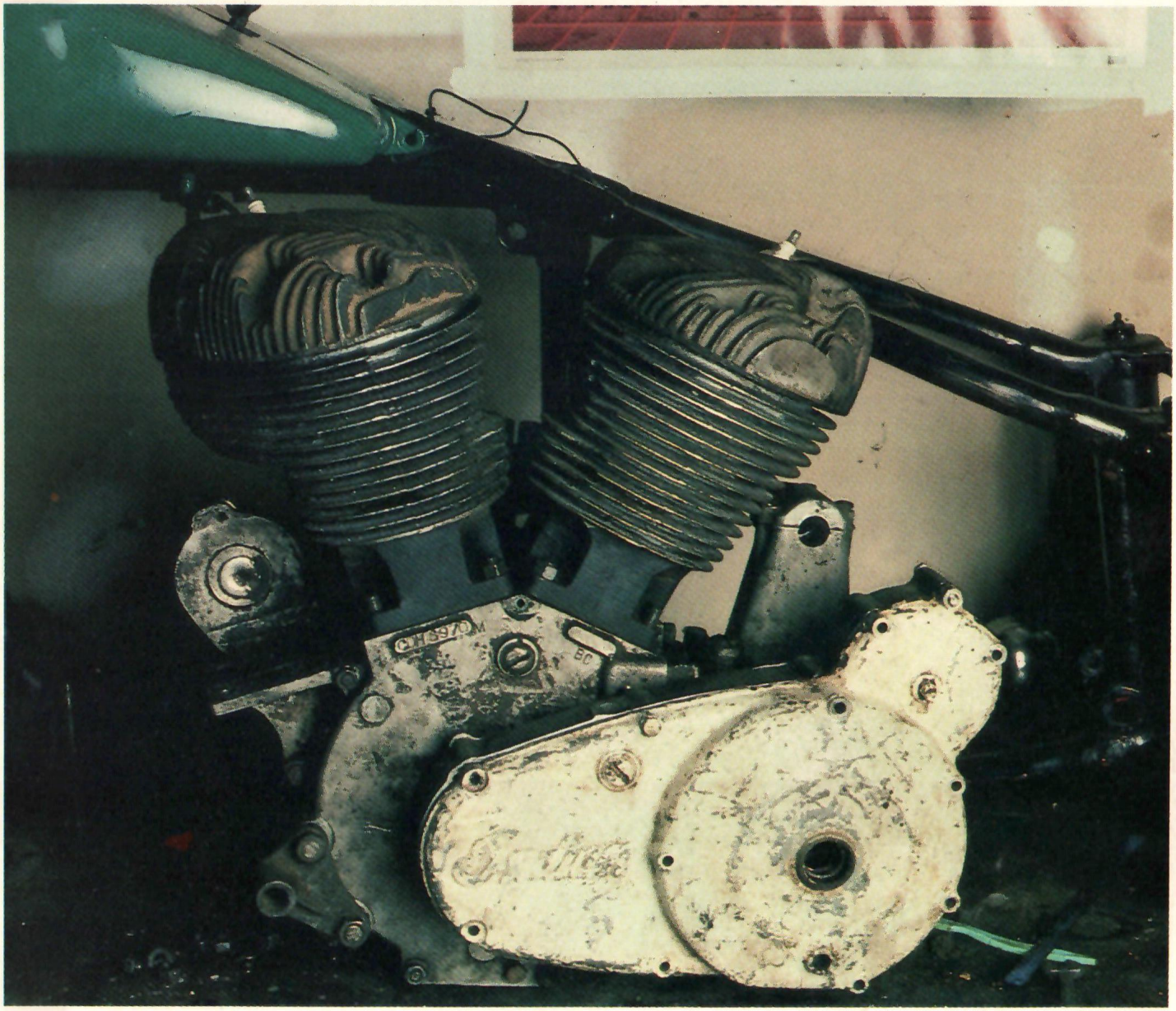
We never do anything halfway—including when we step chin deep in shit. Yes sir, we get right in and splash around in the stuff. So, when we decided to build up a basket case, we naturally went out and got one that's so incredibly trashed that it barely qualifies for the name "basket case." More like "scrap pile" or "a few fucked-up motorcycle parts." It's like that old joke about the restaurant food—the food was terrible, one guy says; and such little portions, the other guy replies.

It's a given that motorcycles cost. They cost money and they cost labor, whether you barter the labor or sweat it yourself. And there's a time factor for the money. You can pay it now, like buying a bike outright, or you can pay it later. Buying a basket case lets you pay it later, and sometimes a lot more than you thought. Baskets are strictly caveat emptor (let the buyer beware) deals; once you've dropped your cash you have no right to snivel. And, if you're not on your toes and don't know what you're looking at, you can get in chin deep real fast. Just like on this here Indian.

I'm a good mechanic—good enough to have spent a few years wrenching in bike shops—but I'm no wizard. My answers to mechanical questions tend to be seat of the pants rather than advanced engineering, and I've been known to consult with Mickey Mouse once or twice in my career. Mickey always made sense to me. My chances of breaking down in Needledick, Nebraska with nothing but a churchkey and a case of crabs seemed a lot more

Budweiser
GENUINE
GENUINE
Welcome
To
MARCH





likely than having my scooter drop its load in front of a machine shop where they offer me unlimited access to the mill.

But none of that here. Can't get caught Mousing in public, with all you vigilant readers watching. Strictly professional. Now, I've owned a couple of Indians in the past, but the pink to the last one left my greasy fingertips about fourteen years ago, when I was still a punk kid. I see Chiefs at every big rally; but seeing one is a long way from owning one, and the lack of daily contact with them accounts for the several large blind spots I seem to have developed. But I went out and dropped the green for this bitch, and that's it; a 1948 74-inch Chief.

The lack of a bolt here and there in strategic and important locations—like the engine cases, primary, and cylinder heads tipped me that the seller had been into everything. I knew that coming in and it didn't bother me. I planned on replacing almost everything in there anyway. On the outside the situation was about what I expected it would be on any basket: a broken inner primary that had already been welded a couple of times, three broken-off bolt ears on the tranny flange where it bolts to the primary, a weldable crack in the outer primary. The aluminum heads had one old plug-rethread fix, which is common, and only two dinky cooling fin nicks, which is great.

The AWOL list is pretty long, starting with both road wheels and going right through the valve springs, collars, keepers and covers; everything connected with the generator; pedals; brakes; handlebars; dashboard.

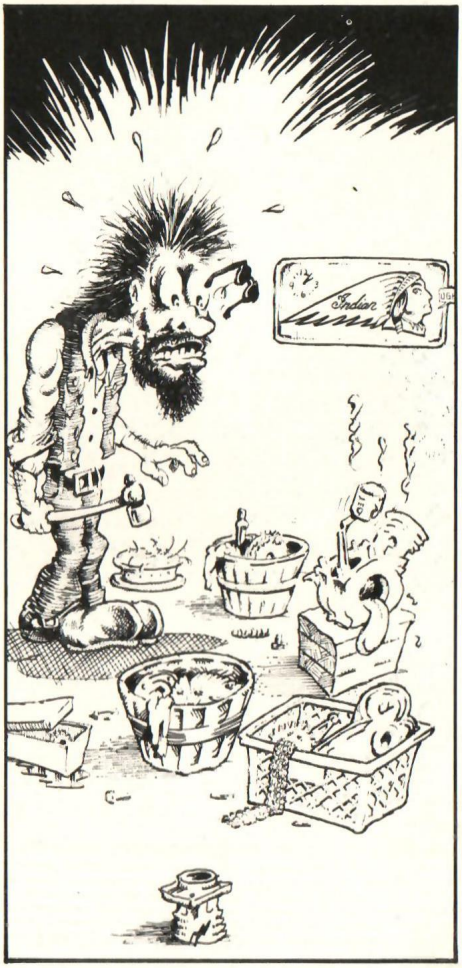
To the good, the frame is jake and the girder forks seem to be kosher. The rear fender (not shown here— is bone stock except for some correctly-done saddlebag drillings, which don't hurt it any. The tanks look okay and sound solid to the knuckles, but there's obvious surface bondo and some major-league unorthodox blobs of some shit around the petcock joints. The Chum-E buddy seat has great homerolled 1940s-50s chrome and reflector work on it, but otherwise it's not worth much except as a recoverable pan.

So that's where we stood on the outside. A long goddam way from puss, but not the end of the world, either. Both the seat and the snailshell fender were set aside as possible trading material.

The goal here is to set this baby up as a bob-job with 1980s modifications

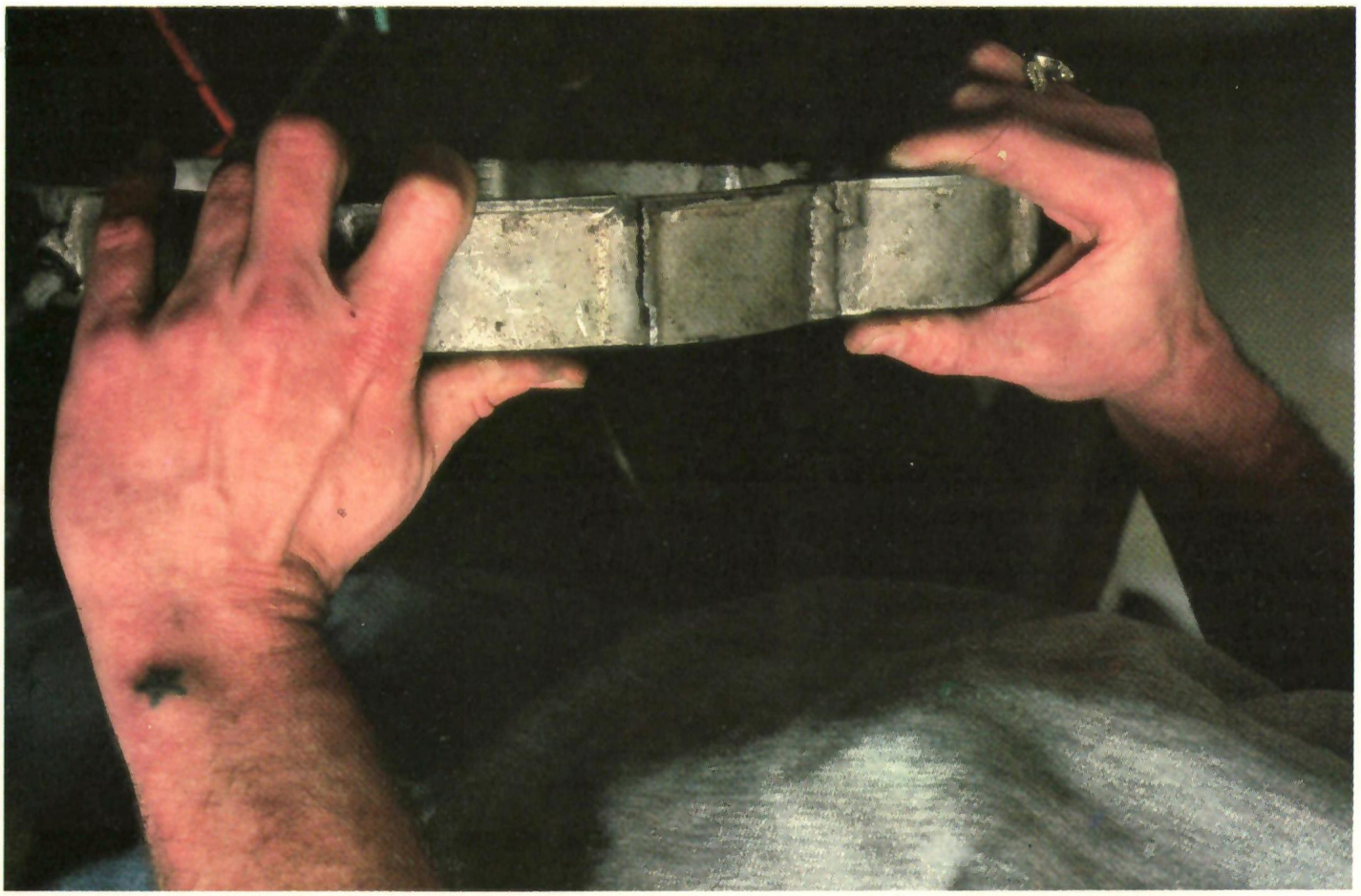
It's being built to run daily in the most hostile traffic environment in the US—New York City. Nobody's kidding out there, with the psychotic cab drivers, suicidal pedestrians, driving and walking drunks, the goddamn buses ... It has to be a streetfighter, see, not a Sunday sunshine sweetheart. Which is my answer to any Indian purists that might be reading this and having a coronary over this baby not being put back to stock. Stock 1948 won't cut it in city traffic. No modifications will be made to the frame that can't be corrected with a grinder.

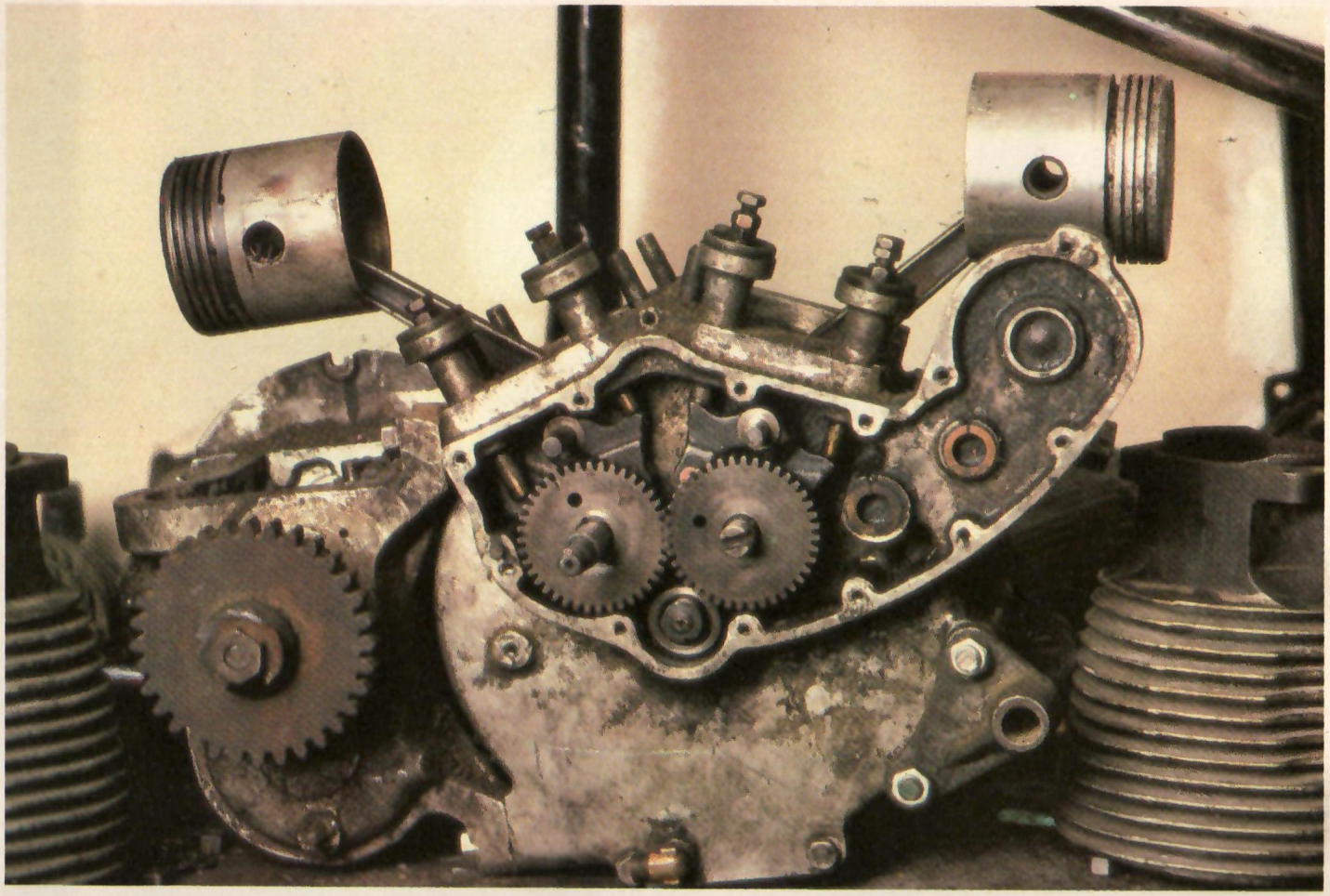
When I started taking the powerplant apart I expected that I'd be replacing almost everything inside, so I tried to convince myself I didn't give a shit what I found. But even when you're expecting garbage it's depressing to be right. The first parts off were the heads, revealing standard-bore pistons and no rings. Of course, standard pistons doesn't mean virgin jugs. It'll be a while before that micrometer mystery is solved—and assuming the worst, which I do in the rear jug because that piston rattles more than this kid knows sixty thou, the cylinders can be sleeved. Or

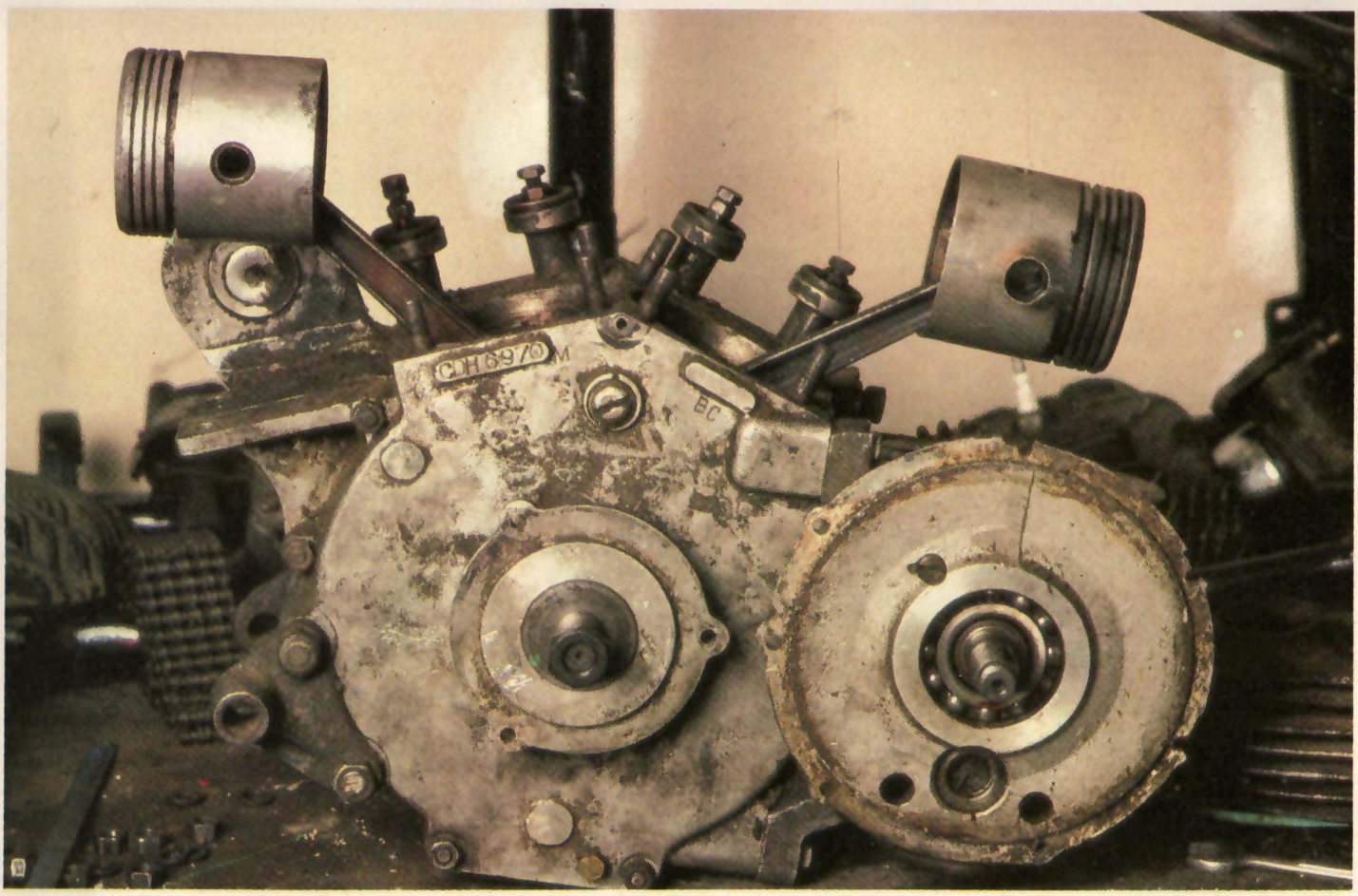


replaced. The valve areas don't looked cracked or mauled. The valves themselves are shaky to my eye, but I haven't run a valve facer in about 16 years, and definitely lost that touch for what can and can't be gotten away with. The guides are shot too.

The outer primary was the next piece off. It's crack is weldable, the inner cover garbage. Chain is suitable for framing but not for running, engine sprocket missing a few teeth and will make a great paperweight. Steve was standin around yammering at me to take the jugs off. Sliding the front one off I loosed a might cloud of motherfuckers and goddamnits. A goddamn *welded connecting rod!* Smartass Les looks at it and says, "There's nothing wrong with it. Somebody fixed it." Yeah. Right about then I was ready to button the sucker back up and sell it. Indian Chief basket case. Illness forces sale. I looked inside and got sick. Turning the engine through I saw there was no valve lifter action. With the timing cover off the reason was as obvious and ugly as a cottonmouth in your Coors. No pinion gear. And worse, the treaded end of the pinion shaft was snapped off. Plus two lunched cams, one missing cam follower, and some



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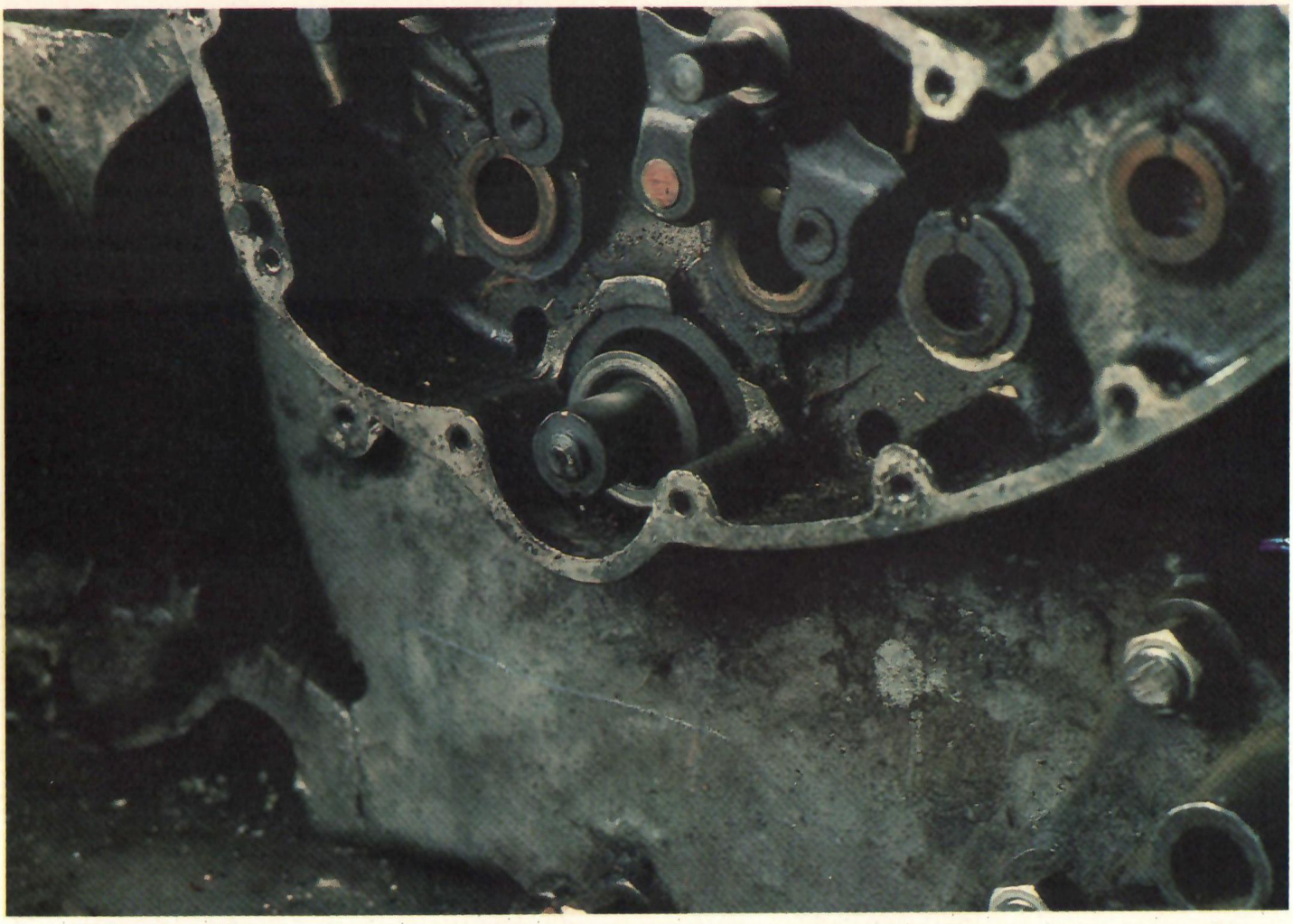
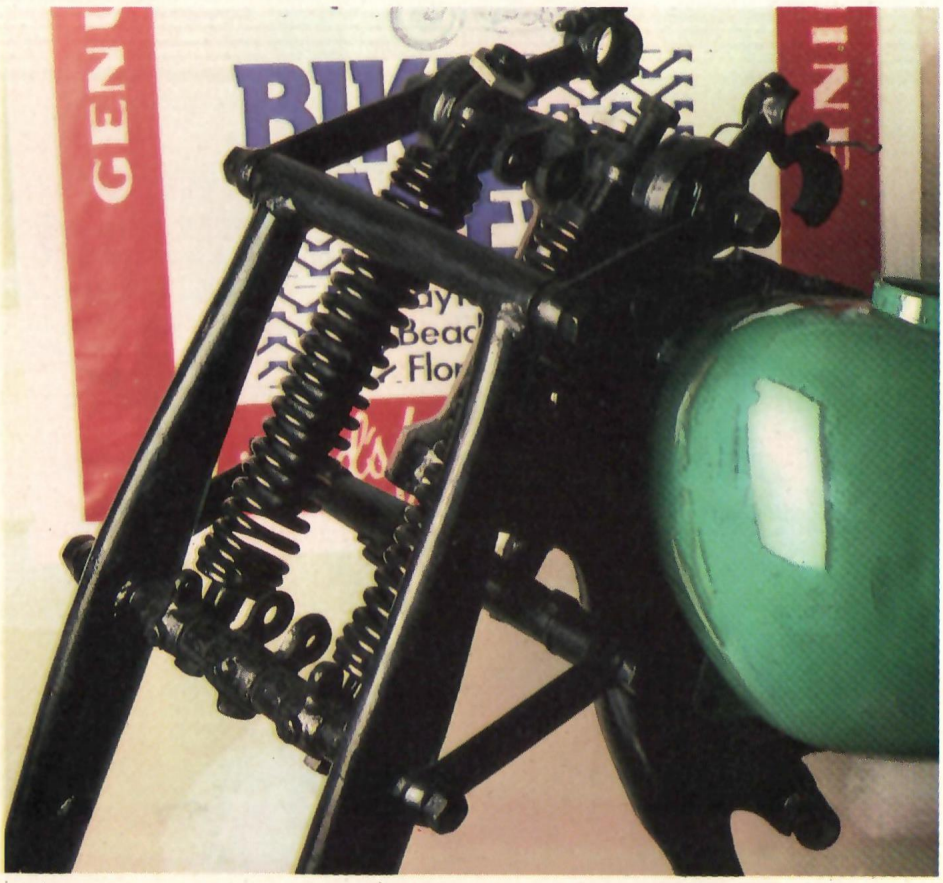


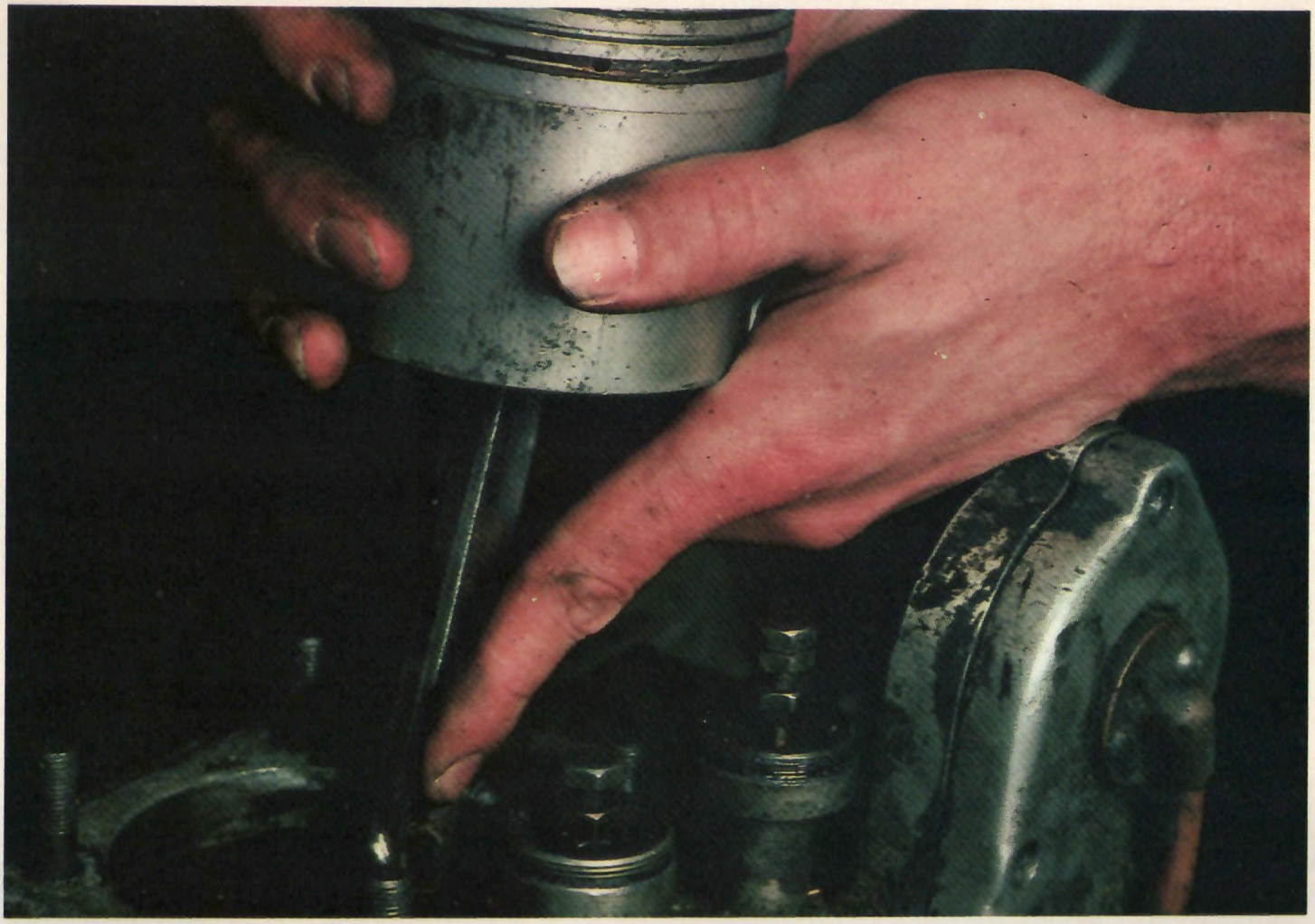
snapped-off pinion shaft

other ominous littler shit—things that I don't like the looks of but don't know what they mean. Later I found out that there's two reasons for busted pinion shafts on Indians, and that it's common. One reason is trying to remove the pinion gear without the right puller, and the other is trying to true the flywheels without taking them out of the truing stand before whackin 'em with the lead hammer. It doesn't really matter what snapped this one off. Another junk piece. Pinion shafts are available and cheap enough, but it's one more gloomy page in what's fast becoming a goddamn grim story.

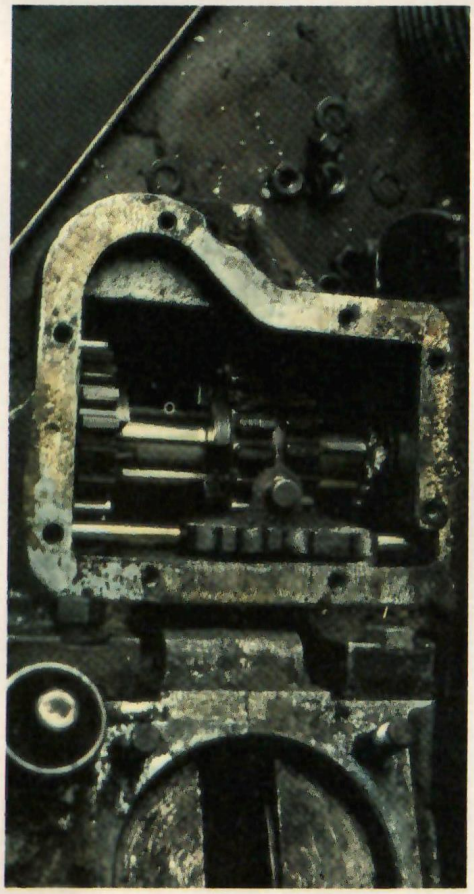


The rear jug wasn't hiding any other horrors, and by contrast to the engine the grind-em-till-you-find-em tranny was puss. The sliding gear looked like it'd been gnawed on—a couple of glitched teeth on first. The countershaft gear ain't tops but you could use it if you had to. At least the mainshaft didn't have any blue heat tattooing and the clutch basket's all right.

Later on I split the cases and didn't find any other horrors inside. And that's where we stand on first disas-



the welded connecting rod



sembly. A pile of fishing sinkers. To keep what was left of my sanity, I divided my problems into two sections—all the missing shit for the frame like wheels and brakes, and the powerplant.

From there I could make two phone calls. The first was to Harbor Vintage Motors in Jonesville, Vermont. These guys, Mike Hebert and Rat, have one of the fattest inventories of old and obsolete Harley, Indian, and Henderson parts in the country. When you need as many pieces as I do, and as many tought ones to find, like a complete rear wheel assembly, it pays to go to the guys who have it all. Why fuck around?

The second call was to New York's premier Indian wizard, Indian Larry, who just says be cool, get everything bead blasted and we'll take care of it. So with the guys at Harbor Vintage looking for my parts and Larry waiting for the engine, I could sit back and have a half a dozen cold beers. □

NEXT MONTH: The Frame, Plus An Expert's Engine Appraisal.

WINNING COMBINATION

Kristi's Got It All And Not An Ounce More

Story by Oral Hedd Photos by Rocco Di Rico

Kristy Prince, the mouth waterin morsel ya see before you is the kinda babe that bikers' dreams are made of, or at least this biker's. There's somethin about skinny chicks with oversized jugs that blamed near drives me bananas. Maybe it's cause I like stripped down sleds with big stroker engines (skinny bike, big cylinders, get it?) and that one obsession carries over to the next. It's like

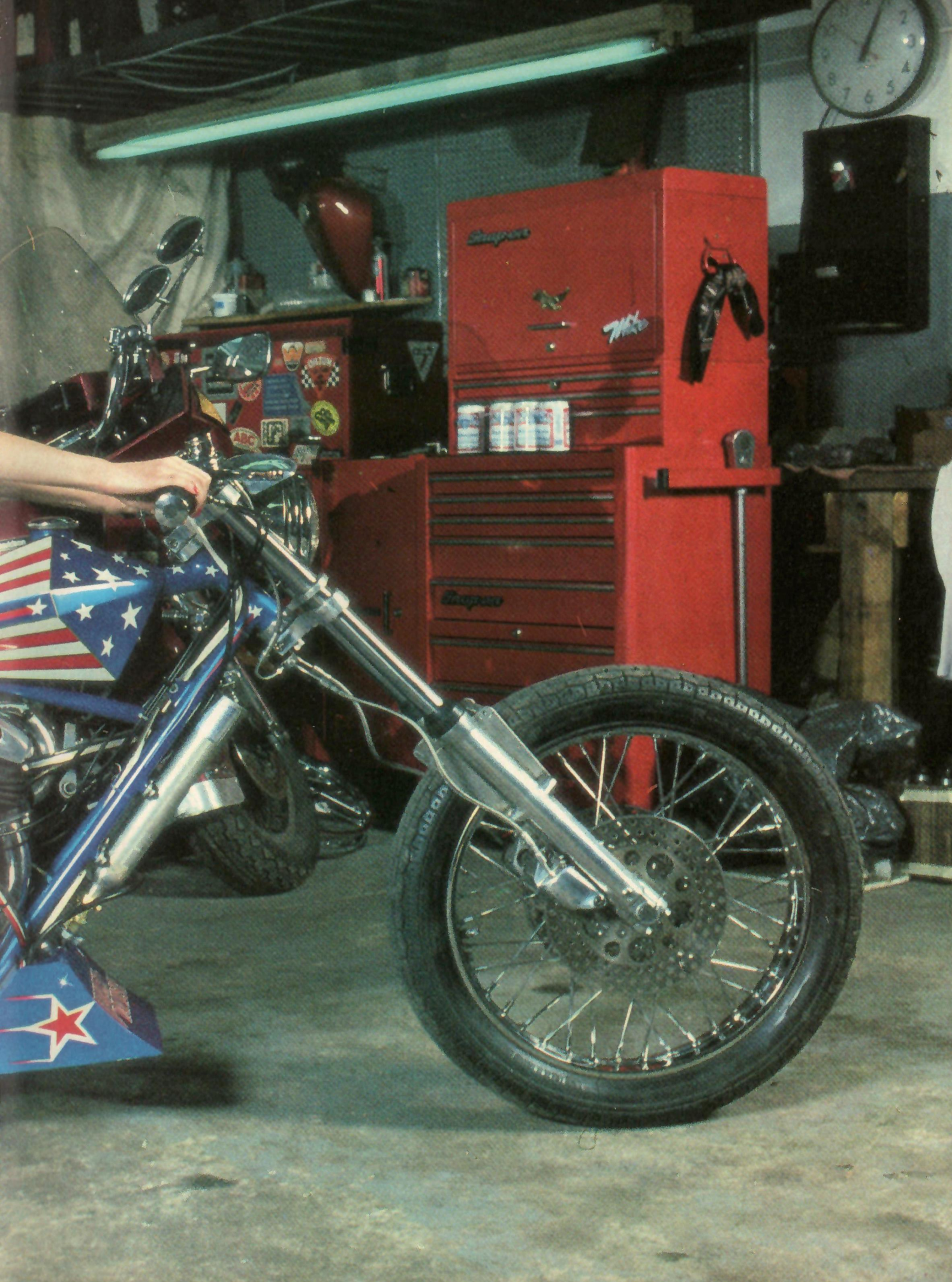
there's nothin there except what really counts — all the extraneous type shit is tossed leavin nothin but the bare essentials, a nice chassis and a big pair of lungs.

Well, it ain't no surprise that this babe should excel in the lung capacity department, since the Wolfman hand picked the southern peach during his last pre-party foray down to Daytona.

Every year around this time he heads for Daytona to coordinate his partyin schedule so that he won't waste one minute in any state of mind other than totally blitzed. He considered last year's

HARLEY-DAVIDSON
MADE IN AMERICA

HARLEY-DAVIDSON
MADE IN AMERICA



Bike Week a wash-out when, through some bizarre set of circumstances, he woke up one morning completely sober and without a hangover!

Anyhow, he was down there computing and ciphering when his trained tit eye spotted Kristi's sleek frame undulating across the sand. Now the Wolfer is a man of extreme tastes, not only does he go for crotch crunchers like Kristi, he also holds a special place in his heart for those Hog mamas who look like they've done it all — face first. He thinks there's nothin sexier than a pale network of stretchmarks lacing over the leathery, tanned hide of a genuine Milwaukee sweat hog. Still, he's not one to pass up an opportunity to deflower some ripe, young beauty like Kristi, and his fangs grew at least an inch at the sight of her youthful mams. "Deflower" doesn't quite cover Wolfman's bag though. In his case, "defoliate" would be a far better term, since his whirlwind corruption of unsuspecting sweet, young things is always complete, comprehensive and irreversible. However, after three days with the Wolfman, including a flight to NYC during the full moon, Kristi seemed to be holding up

DF53

PERFORMANCE SILICONES
CYCLES INC
RAHWAY, N.J.
381-9010

real well. In fact, it looked like it was the Wolfman who was wearin down from all the hearty partyin, Kristi was prancin and boppin around Cycles Inc. like she just woke up and the Wolfer was lookin downright saggy. We felt privy to the momentous passing of an era when long, juicy snores began oozing out from his heap of rags in the corner.

The shoot proceeded without him and Kristi just loved Tommy Taylor's U.S. Express. The star-spangled sled served as an appropriate vehicle for Kristi to strut her fine stuff on, since they're both built along such similar lines. Tommy had planned to stick this motor in another bike, but at Kristi's "urgings" (urge me, baby!) he relented, and promised to ride the Express at Bike Week this year just to please her. She took one look at the Wolfman, sinking slowly in the west, and they made it a date. Looks like another victory for the NewPatriotism.

Burgess

DF53

iron horse

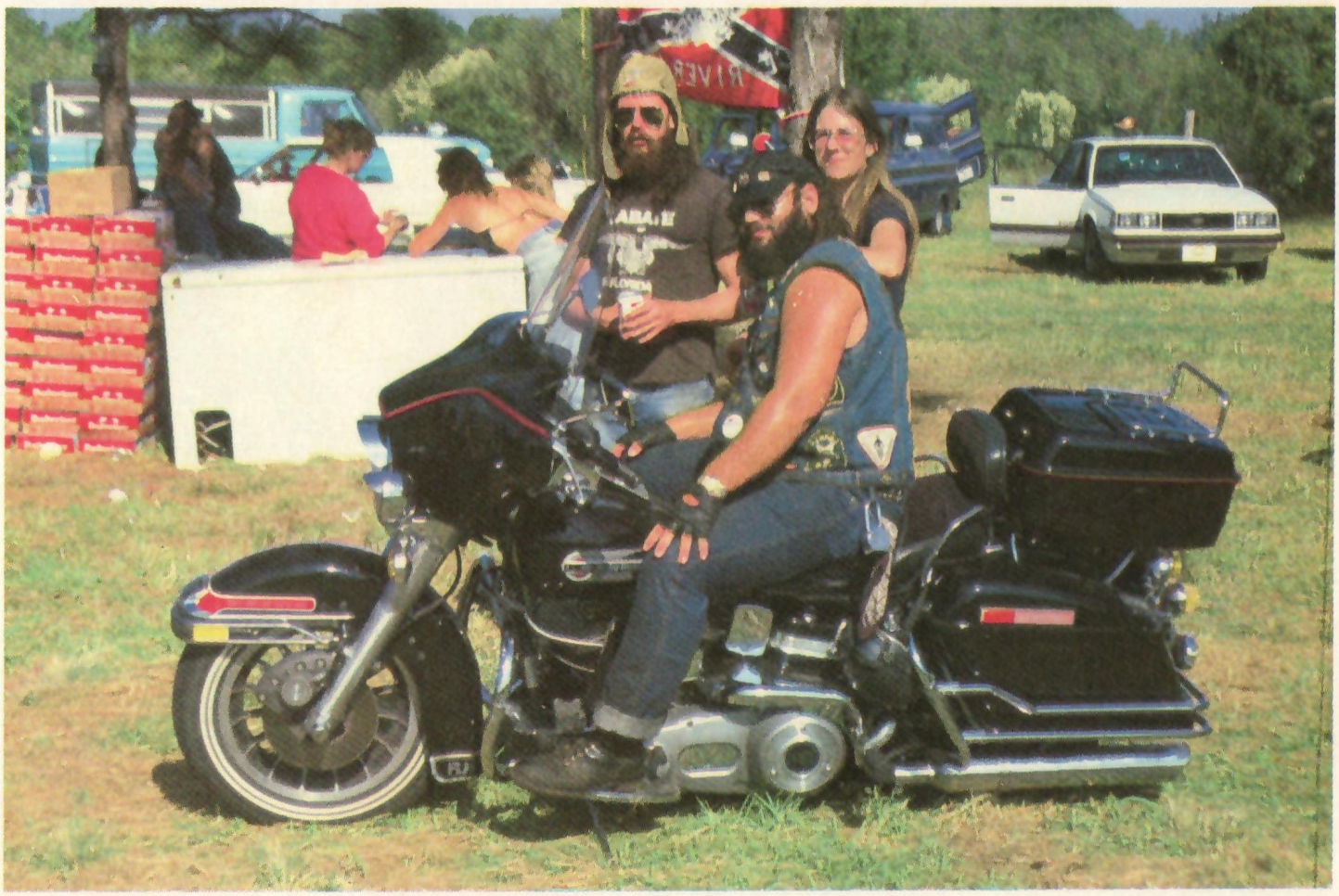
OUR BROS Runnin' Free ON THE GO

Fish, Rosetown, Saskatchewan

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use negatives. We can use good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size), color slides (either 35mm or 2¼"x2¼"), exceptionally clear color prints. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement and freedom of biking. (Be sure to write your name and address on each print or slide that you send. Oh, yeah — we now pay $20 for every black-and-white photo and $36 for every color slide we use.) Send photos to Iron Horse, P.O. Box 2163, New York, N.Y. 10116.

Rodent, Key West FL

Rodent, Key West FL



Loudmouth Ralph, N. Ft. Myers, FL

The Breeze, Charleston, SC

Loudmouth Ralph, N. Ft. Myers, FL

Rodent, Key West FL

The Breeze, Charleston, SC

Rodent, Key West FL

Rodent, Key West FL

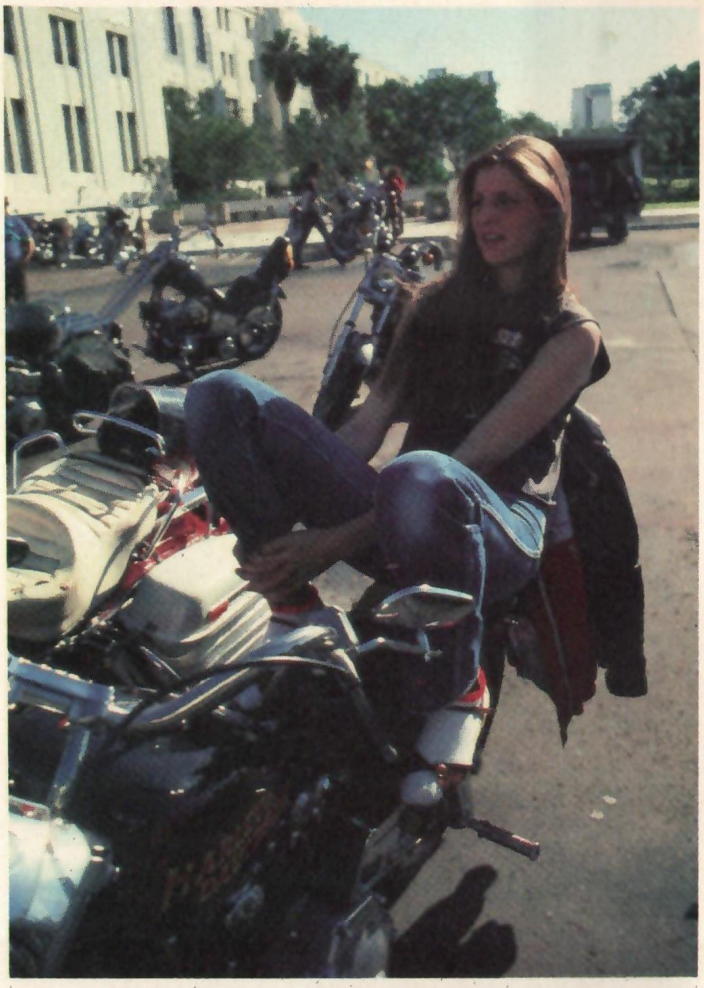
The Breeze, Charleston, SC

Loudmouth Ralph, N. Ft. Myers, FL

The Breeze, Charleston, SC

Mike Jaceno, Bronx, NY

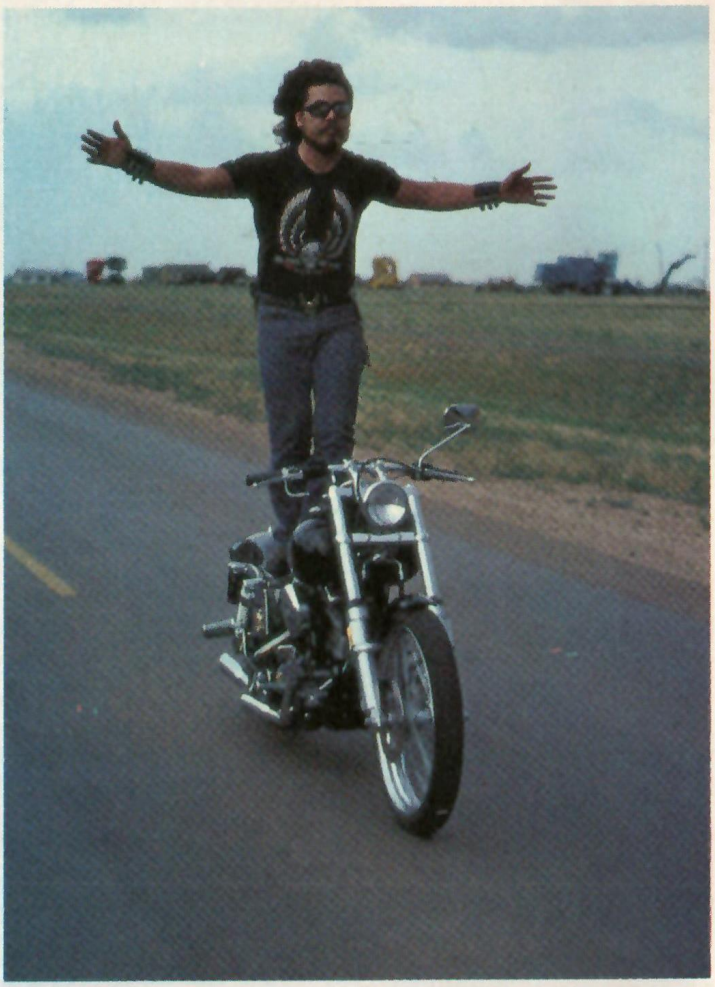
Rodent, Key West FL



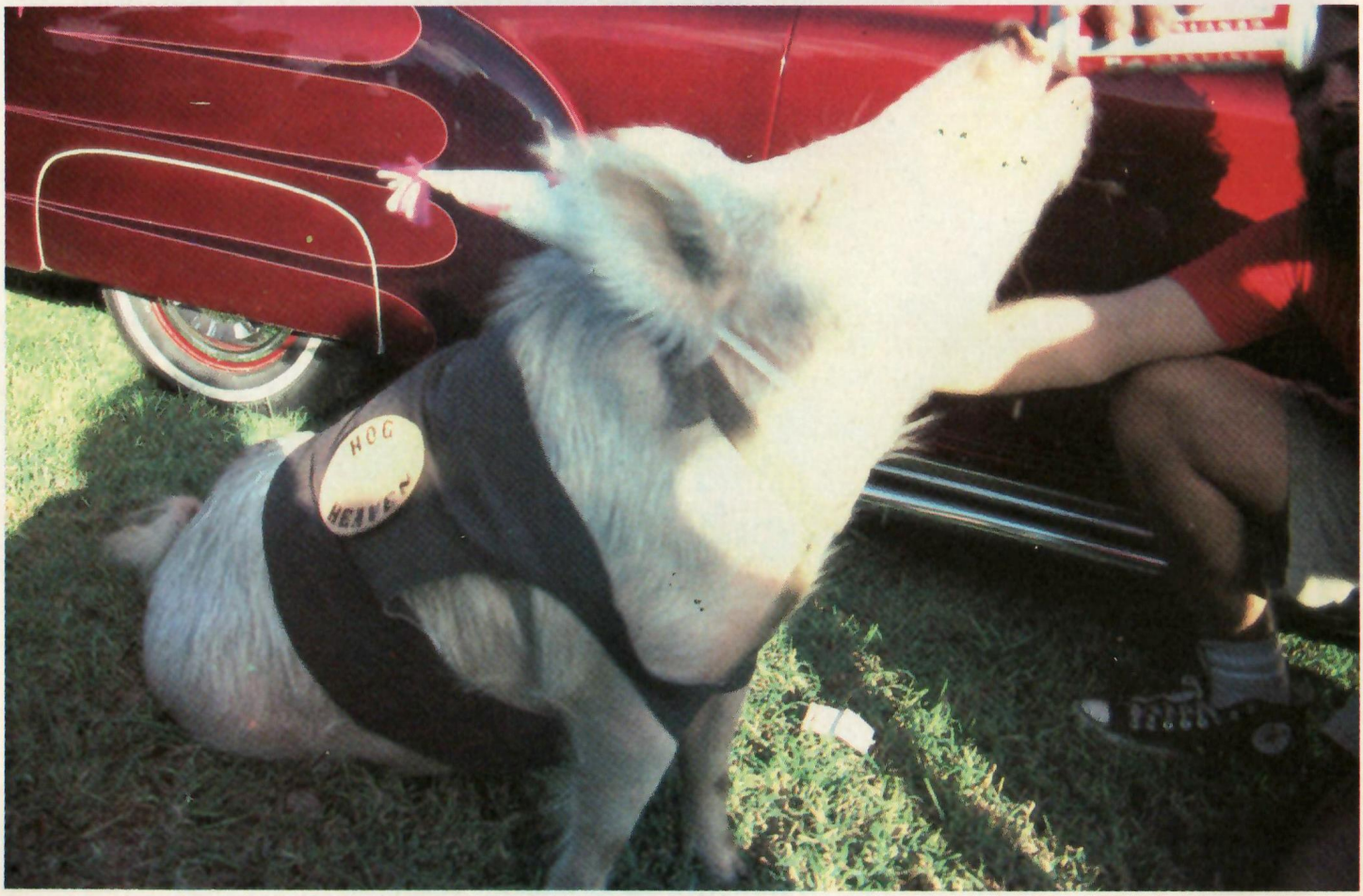
The Breeze, Charleston, SC

Gary Broadstreet, Carlsbad, NM

Loudmouth Ralph, N. Ft. Myers, FL



Gary Broadstreet, Carlsbad, NM



Rodent, Key West FL

GETTIN PLOWED

MILWAUKEE STYLE

A Harley-Powered Tractor

Story by Top Hat

Photos by Jim Travers

All day long I kept mumbling about it, and Rat kept saying, "You really like that thing, don't you?" Yeah, I do. I mean, how many Harley-engined tractors do you see in a lifetime?

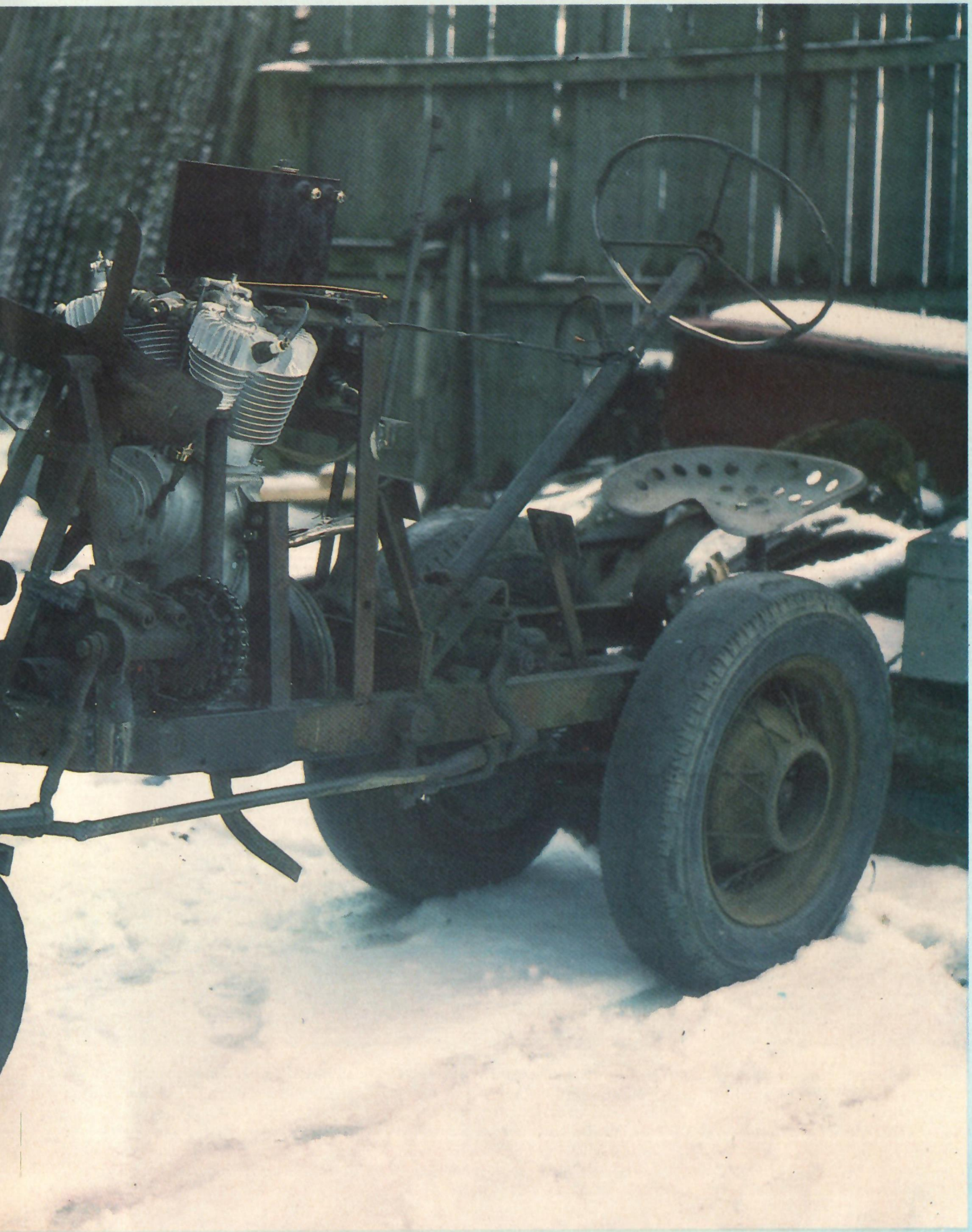
In fact, how many running 1914 Harley engines do you see? If you work at Harbor Vintage Motors in Jonesville, Vermont, Milwaukee mills from the teens — and even earlier — aren't that unusual. These guys have more old-time bikes and parts than most museums. They're also a hell of a lot friendlier than those dried-up museum types, and if you happen to be there at tea time the beer flows more freely than in any museum I've ever seen.

I was up there on a preliminary parts run for the project Indian. About the second beer I started mumbling about the tractor again. "You really like that thing, don't you?" Rat asked. I burped. Goddamn right.

This jewel was built in the thirties to plow snow with. After being retired from active duty, it spent some few years in a field, where the only attention it got was through a gunsight. There were quite a few bullet dings in

the front of the engine (poor grouping, though) and there's still one hole in the fan. Probably it was the fan they were shooting at anyway. If you hit it just right it'd spin real nice. The fan isn't belted to the engine any more. It was there because the 1914 61-inch engine overheated with a huge steel blade and a load of snow to push.

After being a target, the tractor sat outside a Connecticut bar for some more years, idle, nothing more than a conversation piece. Finally the owner loaded it onto a truck and drove it up to Harbor Vintage. I don't know how he got it onto the truck, but it's wheels were locked up solid when it arrived in Jonesville, and they simply hooked a



chainfall to a tree and drove the truck out from underneath it. They levered it inside with a long piece of wood and set to work. The 17-inch Chevy wheels on the back were wasted, and the wheelbarrow front wheel with worse These were replaced with Ford rears and a front from a Harley Topper motorscooter.

The tranny and narrowed rear end are Chevy, but the age is a headscratch and a shrug. Who knows? The engine was missing a pushrod and a rocker, aside from being bullet-wounded and locked up solid from so many years outdoors. Three weeks of work, and get this, parts from right off the shelf, and baby was a running enterprise. It starts with a hand crank, which originally was the starter pedal from the bike, cut off complete with a section of frame, and welded to the tractor chassis. The engine runs a chain down to the trans. Local hog afficiado Tony lit it off and drove it around the backyard, grinning like a maniac — or like a guy on a Harley. □

LUCK AND FATE

You Need A Healthy Dose Of Both To Score Af 1930 VL

Story by Phlegm Jim Photos by W.W.

Was it chance or destiny? Sure, ya gotta be pretty lucky to be in the right place at the right time, spoutin the gospel according to Harley and have an older neighbor catch your enthusiasm and turn you on to "an old sickle" that belonged to a long dead friend of his. And it's got to be the luck of the draw to find that the deceased rider's widow still has his machine tucked away in her dusty garage and is willing to sell. But you'd probably need a whole bushel of four leaf clovers to have the old Harley still be waitin for ya a year later when ya finally scrounged the bucks up to buy it. But when you're Billy Ehr and you're cleanin off the tanks of your newly won treasure and you see the 50 year old custom emblems with the owner's name "Bill" on them, you have to wonder if you weren't fated for this motorcycle. And when the widow is kind enough to let ya rummage through the garage for stray parts and you discover the dead rider's ridin gear packed neatly away and it just happens to fit like it was made for you, ya gotta believe that the whole scene was mapped out for you like a Three Fates version of the Rand McNally.

Then again maybe not. Eggheaded questions concernin whether coincidence exists don't mean shit when stacked up against the reality of Billy Ehr's beautiful 1930 VL 74 sidecar. His luscious restoration is 95% original to the bike with the stuff that tends to rot replaced with modern components. Some of the items have got to be one of a kind trasures that ya just don't see outside of a museum. Check the saddle bags and their "lifetime guarantee" tag, or the original floorboard rubber. Hard to believe that it sat for over 30 years waiting for someone to come along and get it back on the road. Guess it had to be the right someone.

When Billy first laid eyes on the VL, he had no idea that it had been parked in the same spot even before he was born. The Harley had waited for him, growing rusty and cobwebbed as Billy grew up and became a biker. The date of the last license plate bolted to the bike read 1945, and the only thing visible was the front end struggling through nearly 40 years of piled-on junk for a fading glimpse of the outside world. Fortunately, it was the dilapidated appearance of the machine that

HARLEY-
DAVIDSON

saved it for Billy. Some scouts from the Harley factory had come to check out the antique as a possible candidate for the museum pedestal, but one look at the rotted front tire sent em lookin elsewhere for better, shinier pickins. That suited the original Bill's widow just fine, because according to Billy, "She said she would rather sell it to an individual who would get it up on the road again, and enjoy it, instead of having it sit in a museum." Guess she figured it had been sitting long enough.

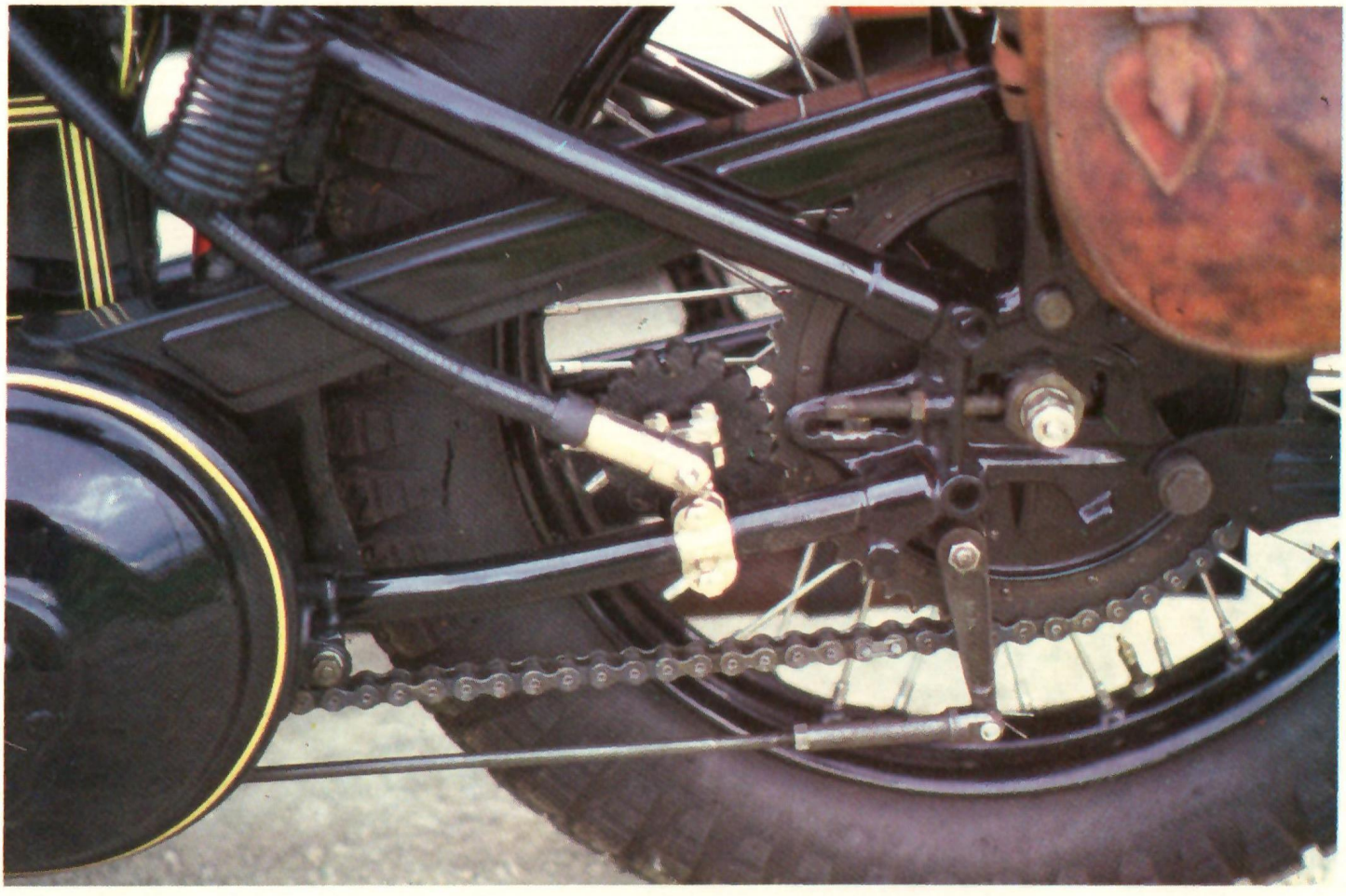
With 30,000 original miles on the Corbin speedo, the VL looked like it had clocked more than a million on its Rip Van Winkle trip. Still, Billy was undecided about a full blown restoration. He rode the bike in its original condition for a whle, but when he made a couple of the local antique meets and saw the old machines restored to the their former glory he knew he had to do the same for the VL. Besides he says, "I was tired of picking pieces of the seat out of my ass every time I went for a ride."

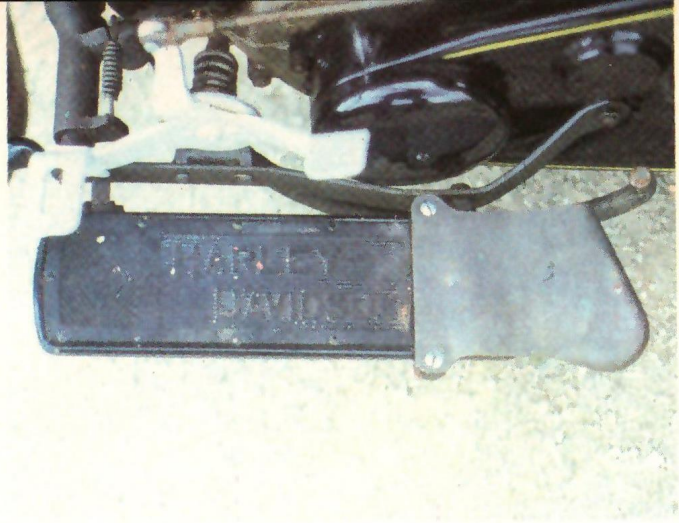
The restoration took two years and "about $1000 in long distance phone calls" and was "one big headache".

The headlights were the hardest items to track down since the original owner had replaced the stock dual unit with a pair off of a '36 Ford. It was the search for the headlights that led to further discoveries in the widow's garage, more than compensating for whatever migraines caused by the rigors of chasing down 50 year old parts across the country, and making the decision to restore more rewarding than ever.

Although he didn't find the lights, he did turn up all kinds of neat stuff that showed what a hard riding enthusiast the original Bill was. Billy says, "There were all kinds of original factory brochures and flyers, advertising new models and products. He collected all that stuff and was right on top of all the developments at the factory. There were shop manuals, aftermarket product catalogs, two unopened cases of Harley oil, and the receipts for all the work ever done on the bike. What really got me though, was finding all of his old riding clothes and discovering that they fit me perfectly."

That's right, the jacket you see along with the gauntlets, pants, boots, glasses, and cap all belonged to the original Bill back in the 30s and 40s,





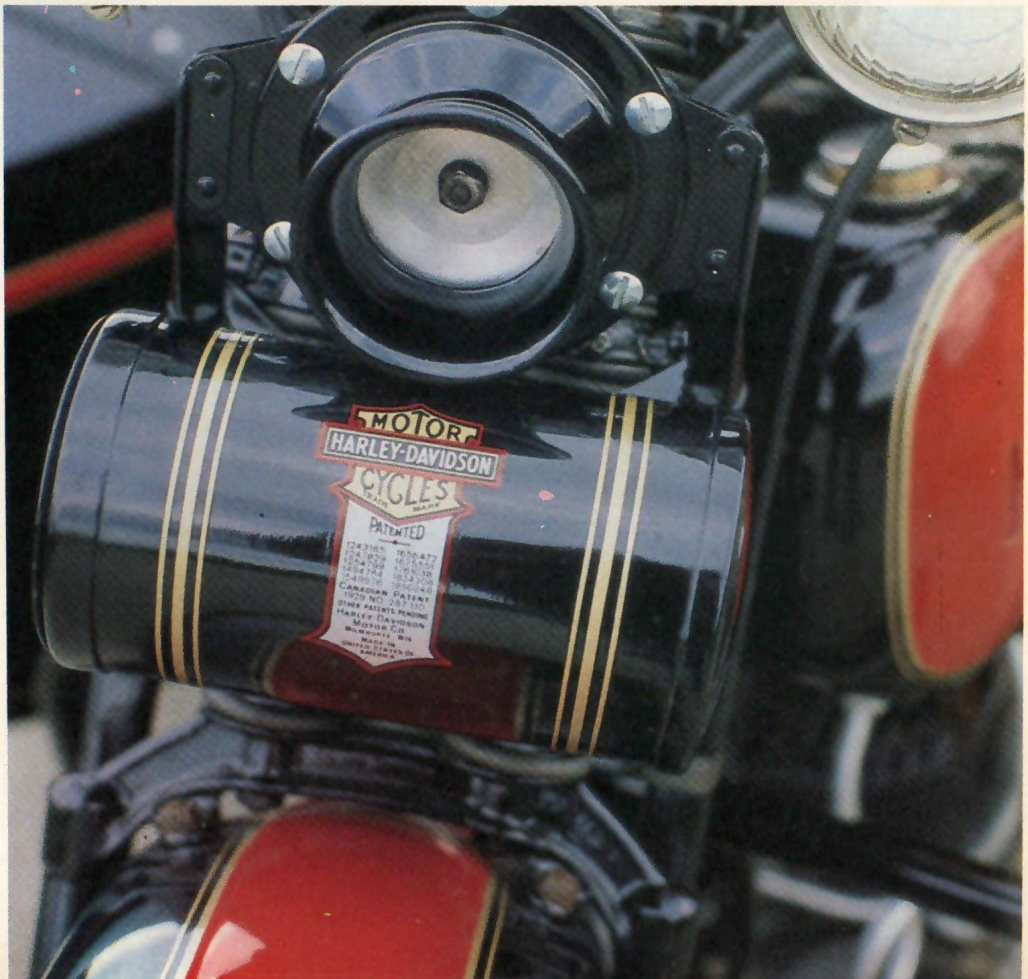
and as is usually true with objects of timeless quality (like Harley-Davidsons) they function just as well as any of today's modern togs.

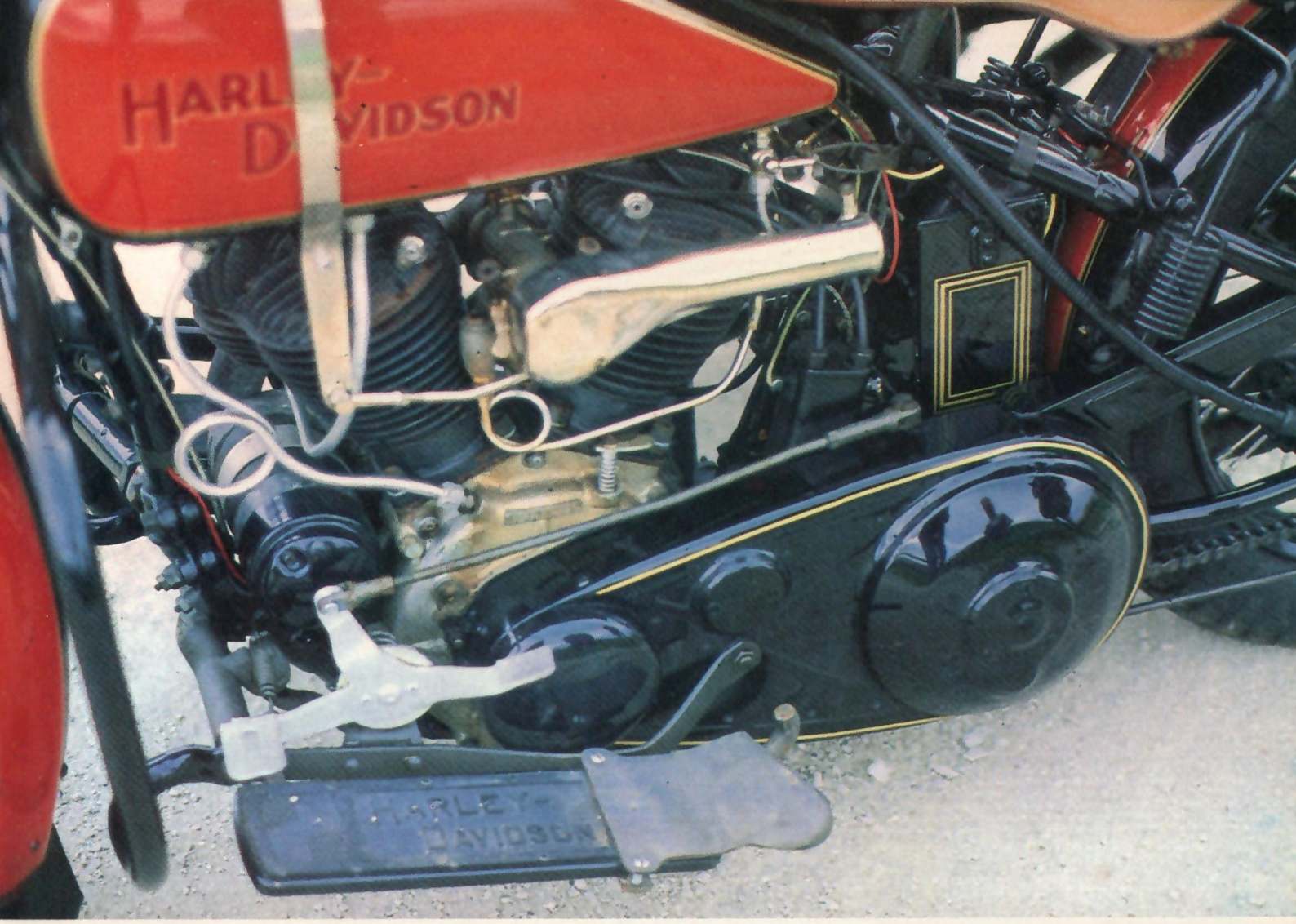
The stock headlights he was lookin for turned out to be one of the hardest items to track down. The small dual lights didn't put out much of a beam, even by 1930s standards and Harley replaced em with a bigger single lamp after a couple of years. Like the original Bill, many VL owners of the era trashed their stock lights in favor of brighter replacements from other cycles or cars. Actually, the hardest part to find was the horn. The one he finally came up with was put together from the salvageable parts from three vintage horns, plus the original.

The motor was in surprisingly good shape, frozen but mechanically sound. The original owner had prepared the motorcycle for an extended storage so it wasn't in as bad shape as what the factory boys probably assumed it was from the looks of that front tire. Billy disassembled the whole thing, laid each part out and photographed it from different angles for future reference, since as he puts it, "The manuals of the time are illustrated with line

drawings which are useless sometimes. The photos should help with future rebuilds." Billy found that the barrels were completely virginal, unbored originals but were in need of servicing after 30,000 miles and 50 years. He bored them out to .020 over and hunted around for eight months before scoring some N.O.S. pistons to fit. As for the sidehack, its seat was recovered in an oilskin as close to the original buckram as possible.

The original Bill bought the bike as a honeymoon machine for himself and his blushing new bride all those years ago. He rode it constantly through the Depression, but for some mysterious reason parked the bike in 1945 only to have it sit for the next 30 odd years. Who knows why? Maybe he went off to do his bit in the Big One only to come back unable to ride but unable to part with his machine, which surely represented a warehouse of memories. At any rate, Billy has no plans to let the VL go, a bike that was seeminly saved for him. Wish we could all be as lucky, but I guess some things aren't meant to be. □




HARLEY-
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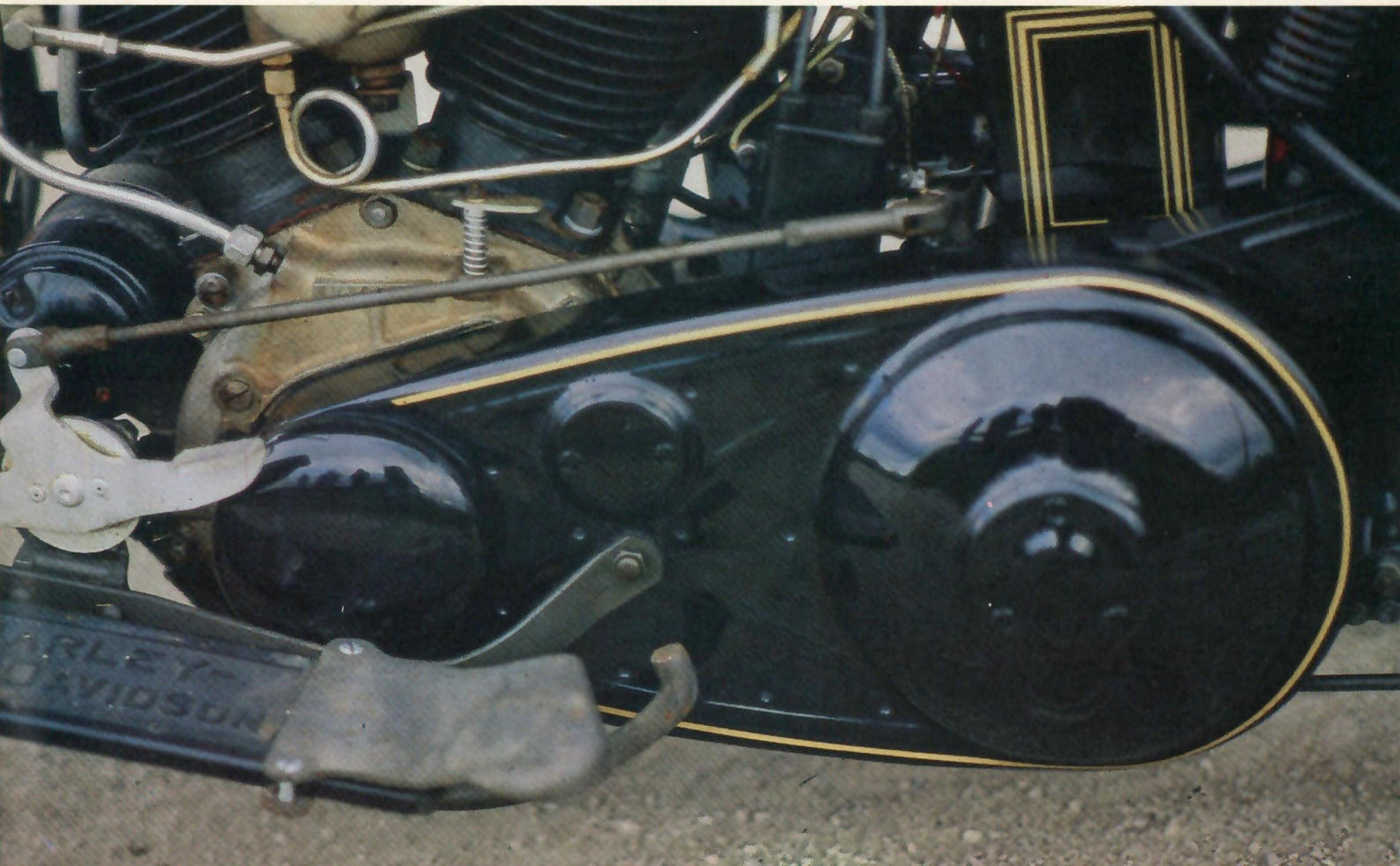
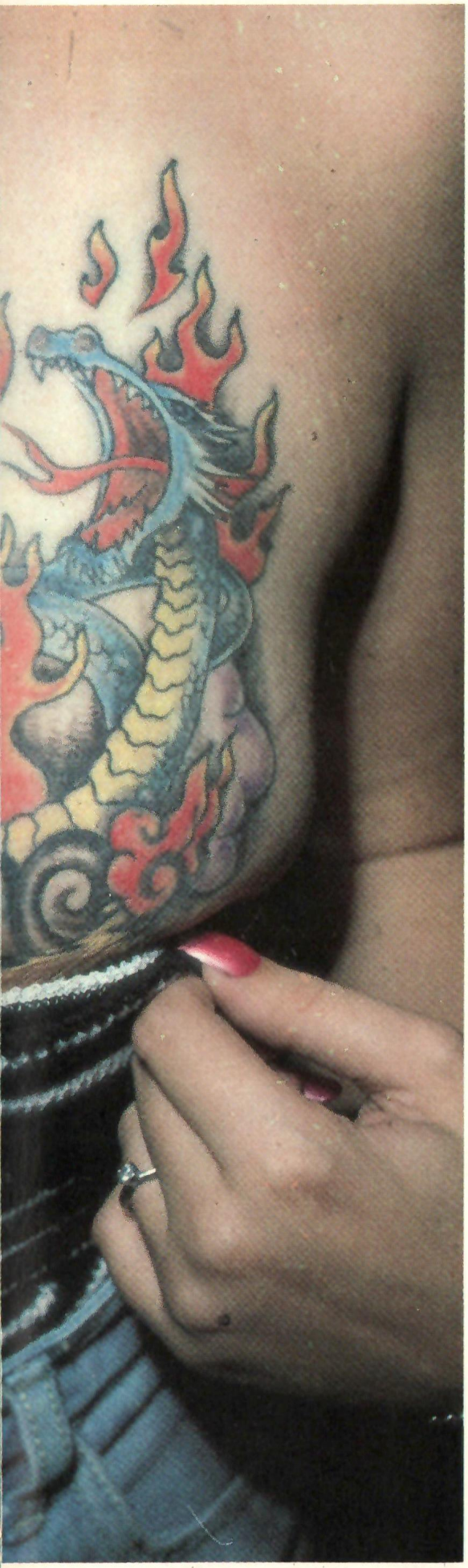
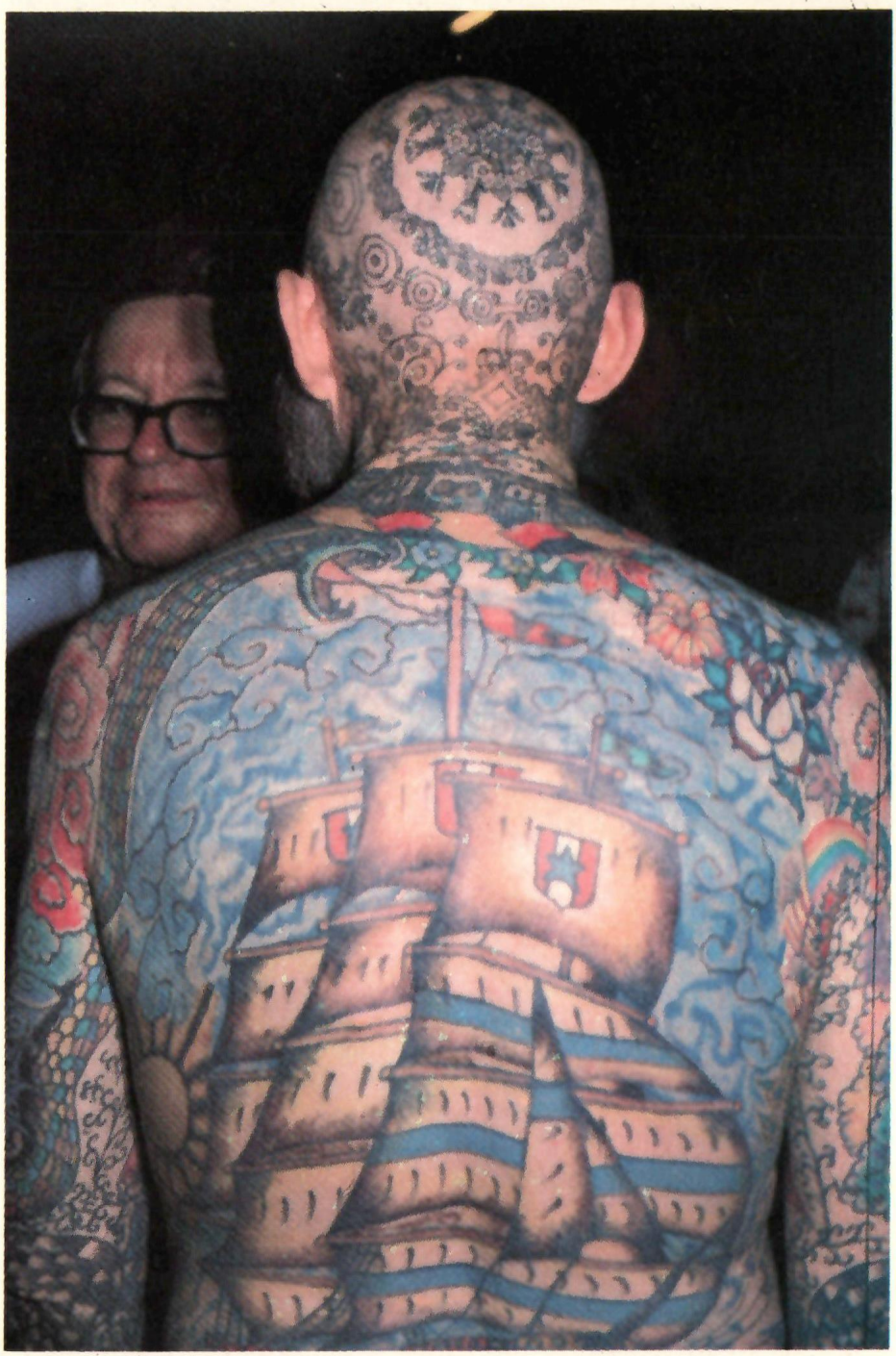




THE KNOXVILLE TATTOO CONVENTION

STory by White Lightnin

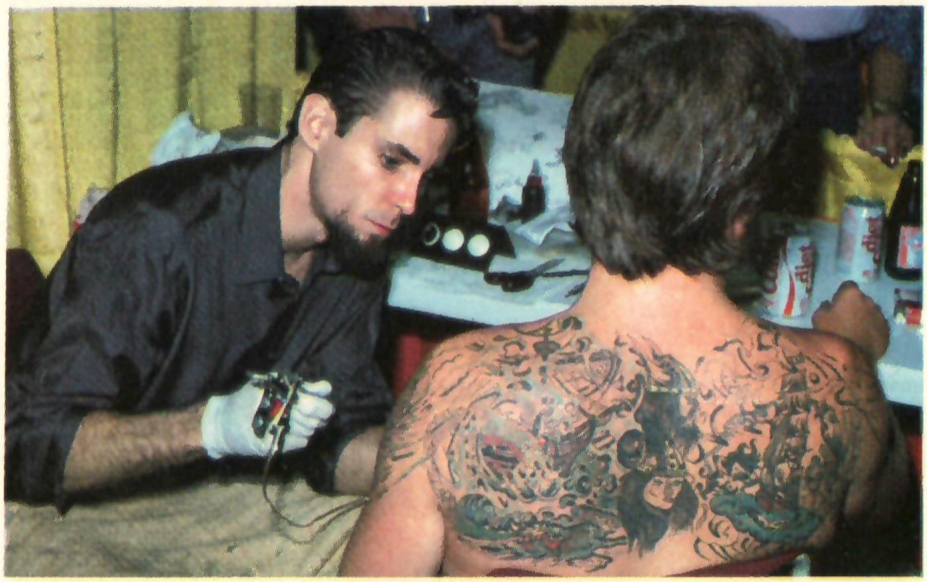
Photos by Steve Bonge

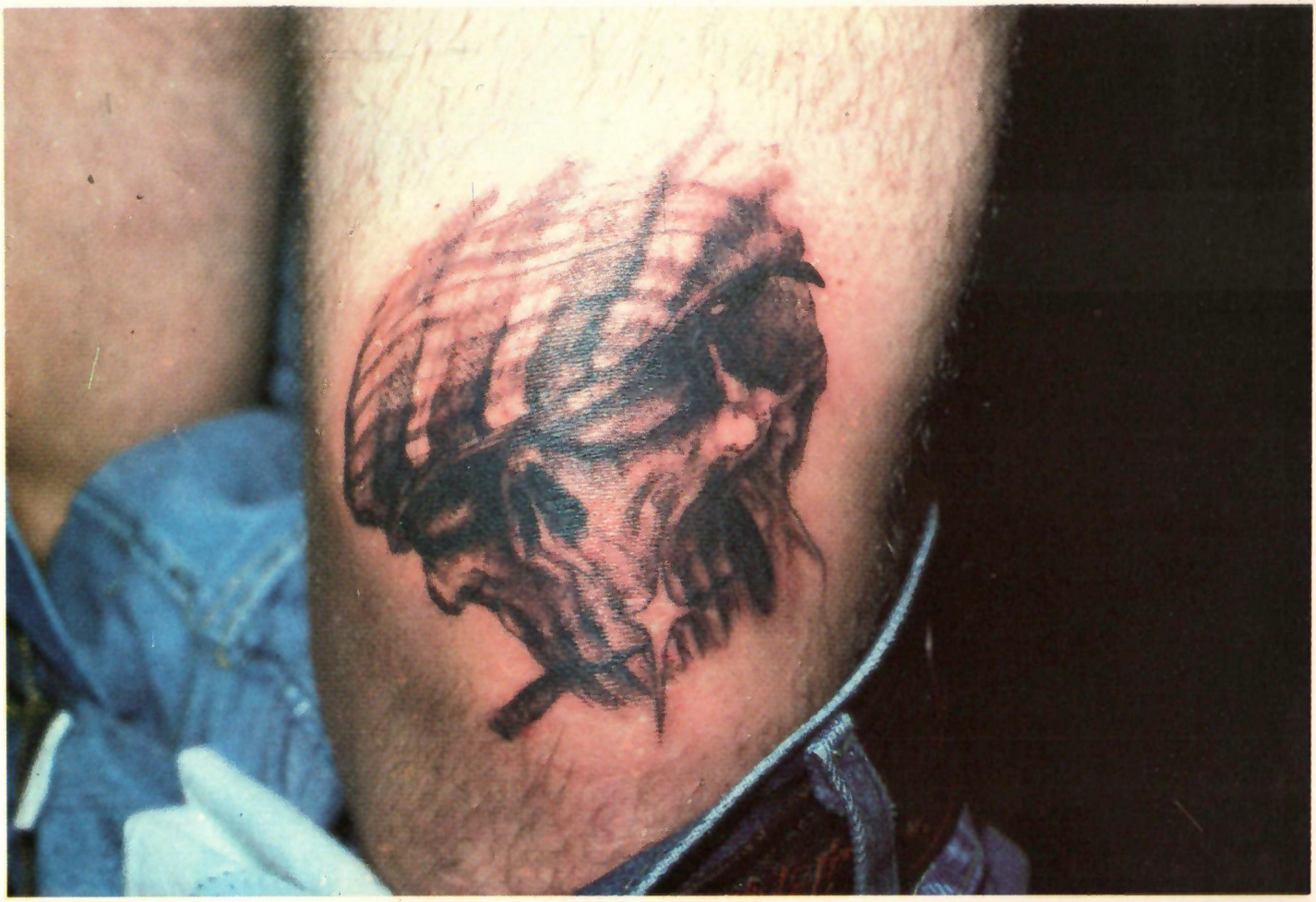


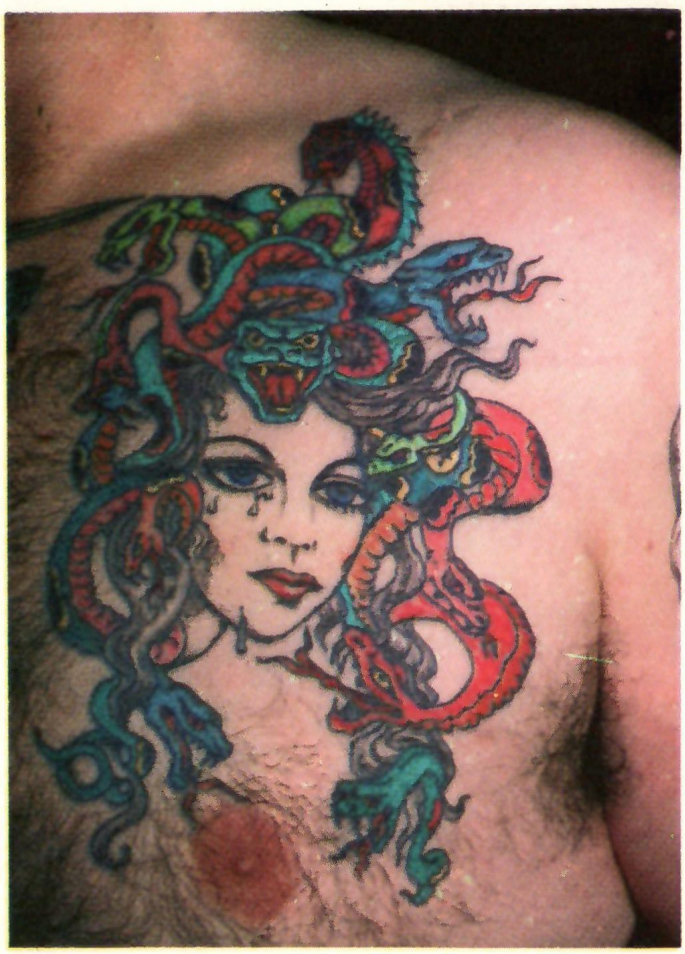
Tattooing in Tennessee

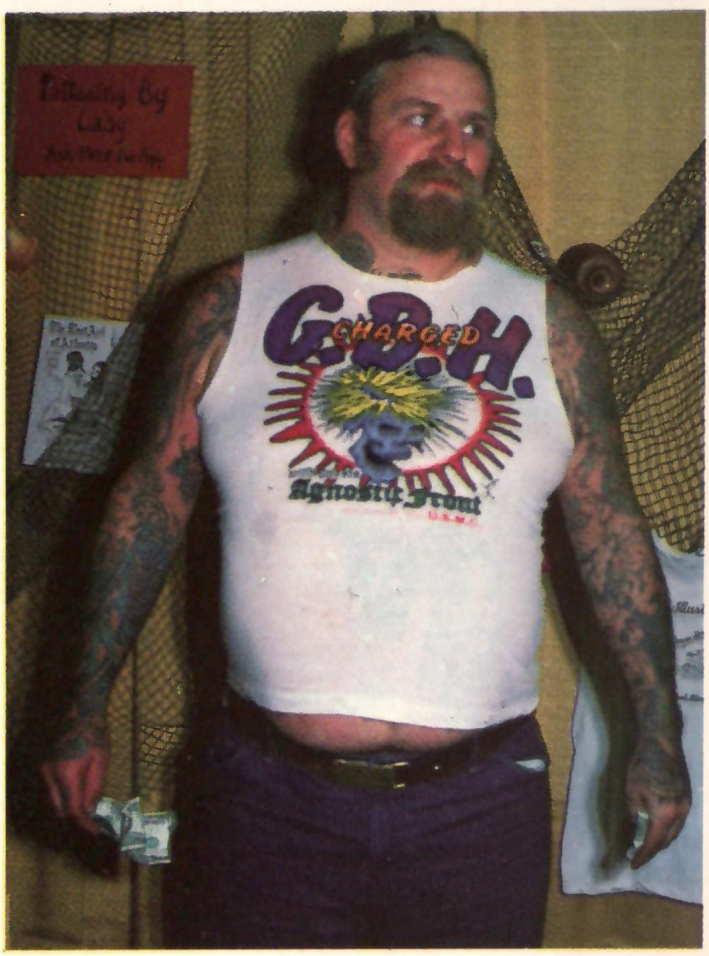
TATTOOING
FLORIDA STYLE
BIKE WEEK

Holiday Inns are usually full of drag-assin salesmen, vacationing families with bratty kids, and half the time the bar's jammed with underage pimple farms that can't get served anywhere else. Late in '86, though, the Holiday Inn at the World's Fair site in downtown Knoxville swept these usual citizens out to make way for the tattoo people and the Third Annual Tattoo Expo.

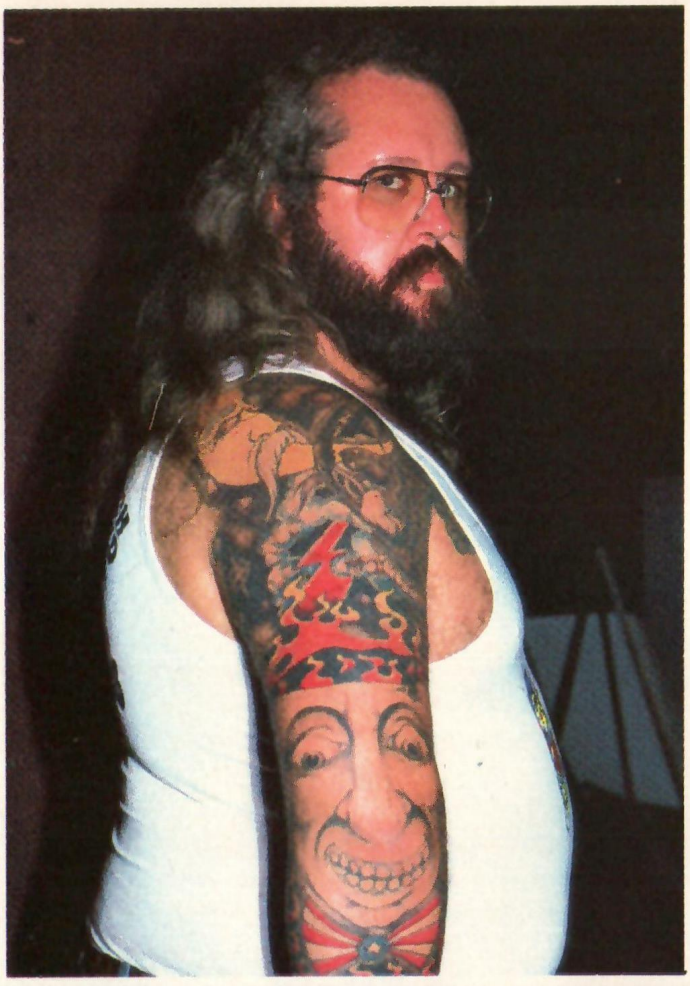


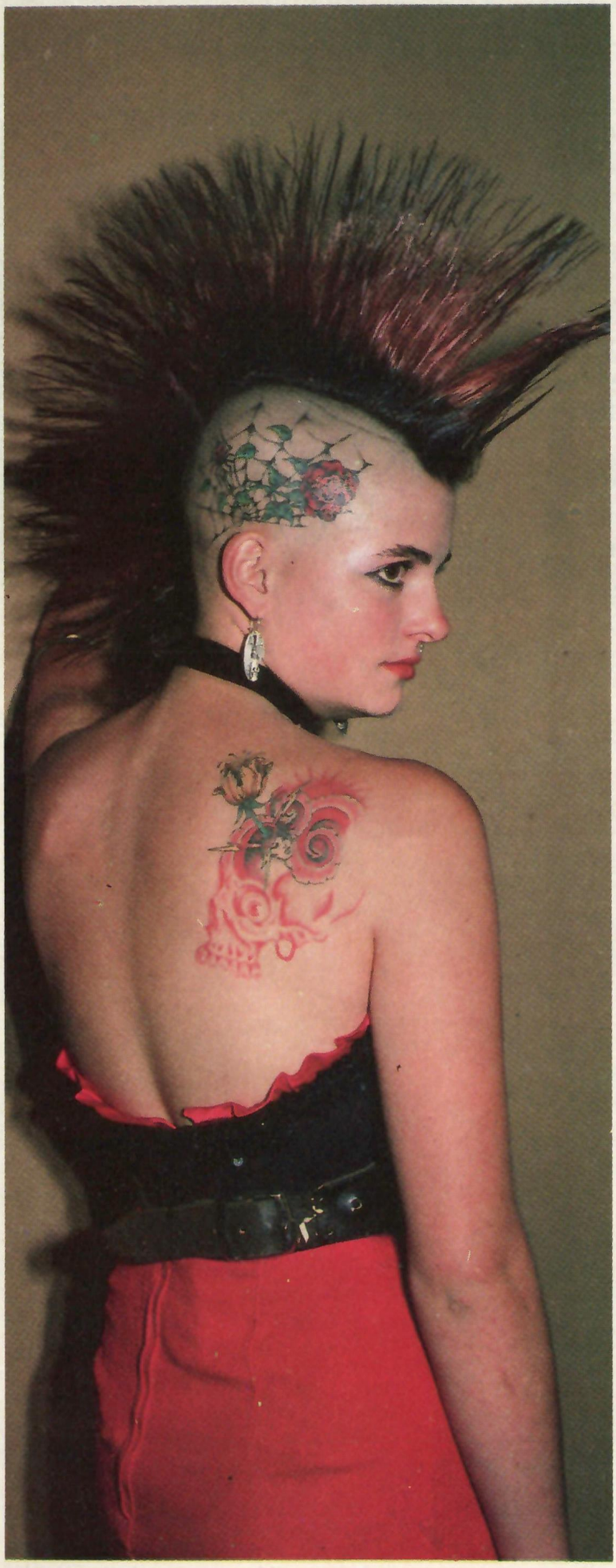





CHARGED
G.B.H.
Agnostic Front

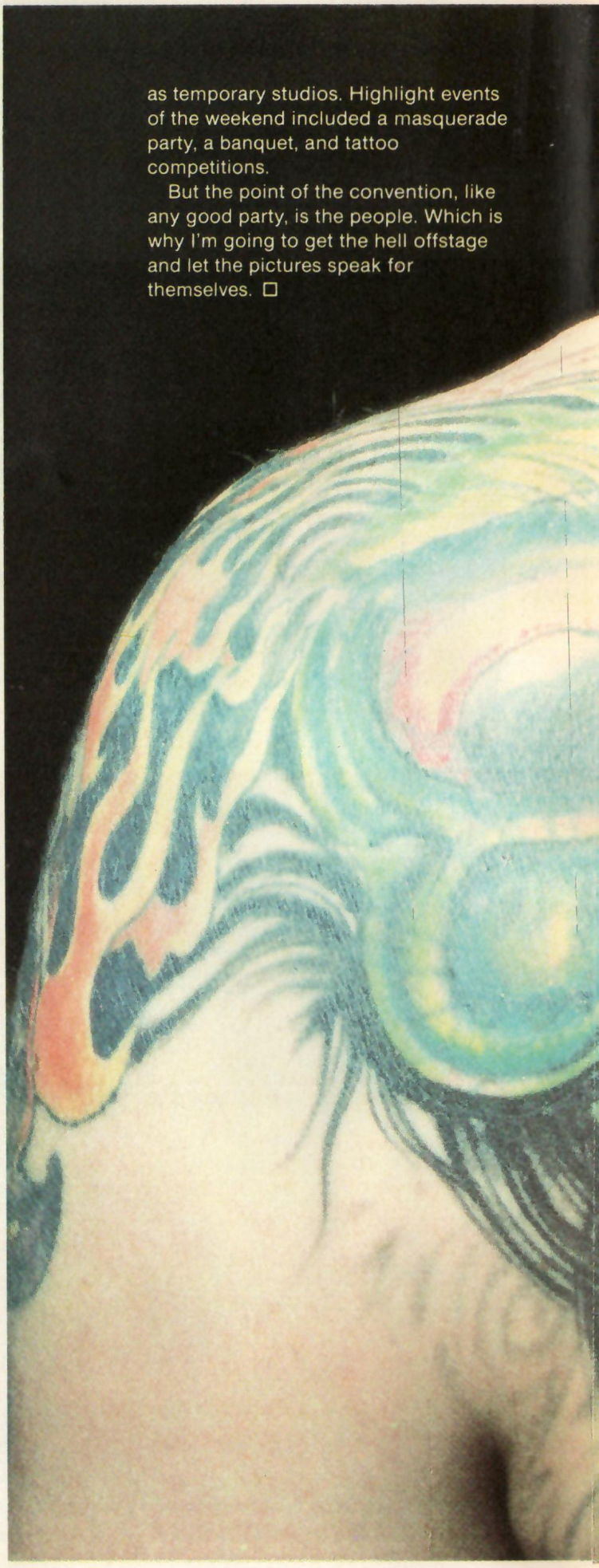
Sponsored by *Tattoo Life Magazine* and Mountain Tattoo, a local studio, the convention attracted tattooists from around the world, the inked, and crowds of the curious. Top artists were working in the main room; video crews wandered around taping the action, and photographers had rooms set up





as temporary studios. Highlight events of the weekend included a masquerade party, a banquet, and tattoo competitions.

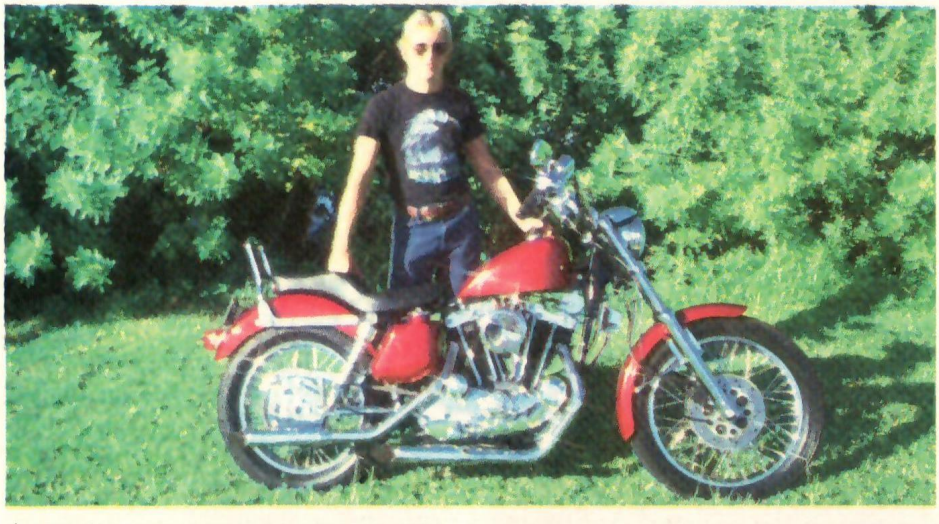
But the point of the convention, like any good party, is the people. Which is why I'm going to get the hell offstage and let the pictures speak for themselves. □



V-TWINS
Brothers in a Sporty Matchup

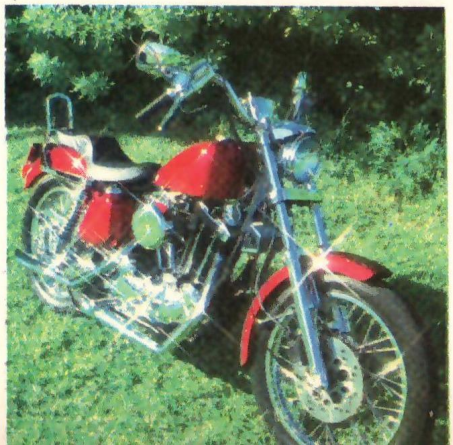
Story by Bedbug Photos by Loudmouth Ralph

Chuck D'Agostino



Yeah, my father rode a motorcycle, and yeah again, he taught me how to ride it when I was a little sprat of about ten. By the time I was thirteen I was stealin his bike and raisin hell whenever his back was turned. That, and him takin a bad spill, signalled the end of his bikin career. And mine too until I was old enough to do it on my own.

Some guys have better luck than that, like Tony and Chuck D'Agostino, these 15-year-old twins from Ft. Myers, Florida. They grew up around their old man's shop, Florida Cycle and Chopper, watching their father, Chopper John, build trophy-winning bike after trophy-winning bike. Tony and Chuck naturally grew up with that Harley dream, and saved their pennies to make it happen.

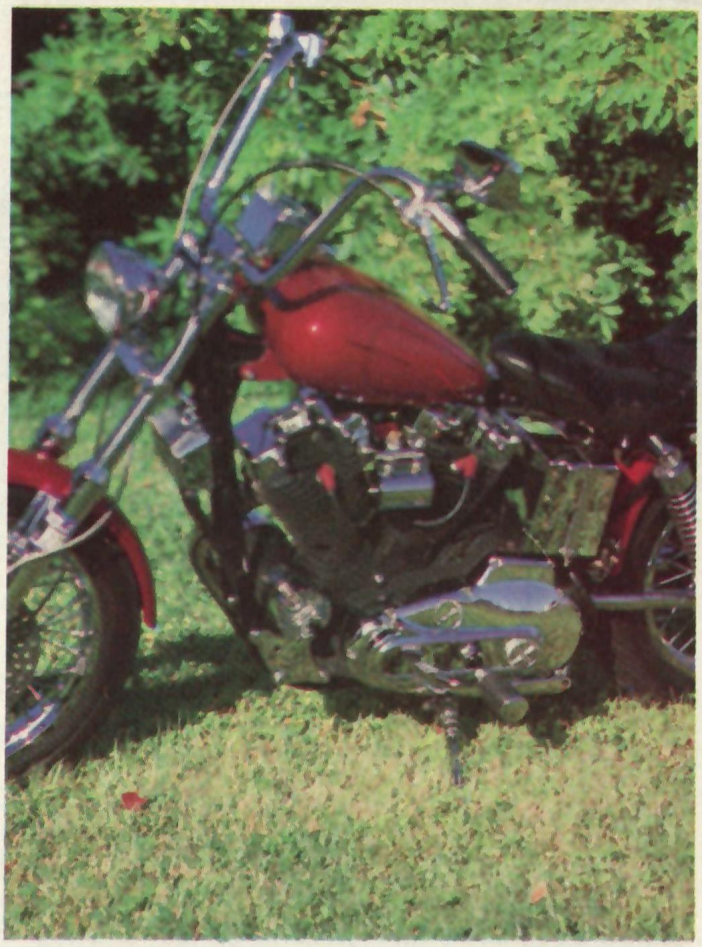


Sportster

Tony D'Agostino

Chopper John used his son's bread to cop a pair of ratty Sportsters. The brothers spent a summer of late nights wrenchin like werewolves, tryin to get their scooters in shape for the first day of school in the fall. They made their deadline, too, whippin into the school parking lot on these eye-poppers and gettin all the attention they could handle from the high-school honeys.

Besides goin to school and ridin, these dudes work around the shop for their old man, mow lawns, swim eight miles a day, train in karate to hold their black belt status, and maintain a 3.4 grade point average. This is a long way from how their father was actin at 16. But they love ridin Harleys and partyin — and these are the ties that bind father and sons as tight as they can be.



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maroon, and had black leather saddle bags and buddy seat, along with chrome crash bars and five extra headlights mounted on the handle bars. Also beautiful chrome exhaust stacks! Then I found out how the guy had broken his arm, as the cycle had a suicide clutch rigged up, which I quickly changed by taking off the spring that held the clutch spring loaded to the closed position.

My inspection over, I jumped on the motorcycle and kicked over the starter. It fired off right away, and it ran like a Swiss watch. Great! I'd finally gotten my motorcycle, and it was a BEAUTY!

Now all I had tc do was to learn how to ride it, and I knew that wouldn't take long. So this guy stands there and explains it all to me, and it sounded real easy. I was so excited that I plum forgot that this fellow had busted his arm because he didn't know how to ride it! But I found out all about motorcycles in five seconds. The first two seconds were used up as the cycle shot across the road and into a ditch. The next three seconds went by before I hit the ground! I flew through the air, and landed smack dab in a pile of soggy weeds! Boy, I really felt like a dumbell!

On my next try, I pointed that infernal machine in a direction that I wanted to continue going in for awhile, and then I turned it loose again. And away we went! It worked this time, and I got the hang of it fast. I spent several hours just riding around and showing off my new machine, and I was as proud as a peacock.

When I finally pulled up in front of the house on the motorcycle, Paw didn't say a word. He just shook his head and went back to his newspaper. But Mom was REALLY ticked off! She spent the rest of the evening chewing me out. She was sure I'd be killed in less than a year! And how can I go anywhere now, if the weather is bad? And how can I take a girl on a date now? Mom raved on and on, and I'll swear she was as mad as I've ever seen her!

Poor old Mom. There was just no way for her to know how I felt, because she just didn't understand! Finally all of the moaning stopped, but I was careful not to mess up around the house for awhile, and I kid you not!

For the next month, all I did was mow grass at the airport, and then ride my motorcycle. Man, I felt like I was in heaven! The Harley had four speeds forward, and when I shifted into fourth gear, one hundred miles an hour were just a twist of the wrist. It took my breath away, and it was high adventure! And I got to be a pretty good rider too. The other boys at school turned green with envy, and I felt like a king!

To me, that motorcycle wasn't just transportation. And it wasn't just a sport either. To me, it was going to be a way of life, and I took it really seriously! I did some snooping around and came up with some good ideas. I joined the American Motorcycle Association, and through them I

"The cycle was a Harley-Davidson, 61 Overhead. It was painted maroon, and had black leather saddlebags and a buddy seat, along with chrome crash bars and five extra headlights mounted on the handlebars."

bought some insurance at a reasonable rate. Then they sent me my first year's membership pin and membership card. They were located on Buttles Avenue, in Columbus, Ohio. A pretty far piece from where I lived, but I thouht maybe I'd ride up there someday and see them. It was a good outfit, and later they sent me a booklet on safe motorcycling, and special motorcycle events that were going on around the country. It was a really good scoop, and I am a member of the A.M.A. to this very day.

Then I bought a black leather jacket and gloves, some goggles and a billed motorcycle hat. On the front of the hat was a wheel with wings, and I put my A.M.A. pin just above the wings. Man, I looked sharp in my outfit, and I kid you not! I'd put that outfit on, and blast off down the highway in a cloud of dust, and I'd sit my tail on the front part of my buddy seat with my back as straight as a gun barrel. With my goggles on, and my motorcycle hat pulled down to my eyebrows, I was ready to open the throttle at the drop of a hat. I was a motorcycle man, and you had better well believe it! I felt wild and free, and as long as I had gas in my tank, I didn't give a toot if the sun came up!

That year was really beautiful for me. I worked at the airport and rode my motorcycle, and that's all I want to do too. I grew a bit taller and a bit stronger, and I filled out a bit too. I'd gained twenty pounds that summer and had reached six feet tall. So when I started back to school that fall, I was pretty much of a full grown man. But at seventeen, I still looked like a kid in the face, and I really was just an overgrown kid.

But the girls at school had noticed the change in me. They were very reserved around me now, and I couldn't figure out why. I had gained a lot of confidence, and had developed a kind of "go to hell" attitude that scared them. Their instinct told them that I was a lot more to handle than before, and I guess everybody saw it too. My grades were a lot better that year, as my teachers made darn sure that I wouldn't be back in their classes next year.

The school year went by quickly, and then the summer months of vacation were here agin. I started mowing grass at the airport again, and my pay had gone up to a dollar an hour. Things at home were good too, as I hadn't killed myself on the cycle as Mom had predicted. I was riding my cycle a lot, and life looked easy. Then suddenly, everything changed FOREVER!

It was one of those chance things that you see in the movies, or read about in books, but it was really too good to be true. But it really happened to me. All the broads from school were still treating me like I was a stranger, so I was disgusted with them. I spent most of my spare time with my motorcycle, but I still wanted to figure out an easy way to get them to like me. But what the heck, no big rush. It was the later part of June, with most of the summer vacation to go when IT happened.

I was riding my cycle down this country road, not too far out of town,

when I saw this girl on a bicycle up ahead. She was heading the same way that I was going, and she looked very good from the back. Lots of hair and a very small waist, and a real flair to her hips. I knew that I didn't know her, but I thought that maybe I should! I decided to give her a mild "buzz" job and see what happened. But what I saw as I whipped past her made me decide to push the issue.

I roared past her with only inches to spare, and of course it startled her. Her eyes and mouth opened wide in surprise, and I got a real good look at her. Leaping Lizzards! What a FEMALE! Her legs were fabulous, and her blouse definitely had a P.S.I. problem! She was very fair, with blue eyes and honey colored hair. Full lips and teeth that looked like pearls!

I slammed on the binders, and did a 180 degree skid on the spot! Then I just sat there and watched her ride by. She was maybe in her mid twenties, and in those short shorts, and pumping those legs up and down on that bicycle, she was easily the most beautiful girl that I had ever seen. Boy, my blood was really moving!

As she cycled by, she looked at me and frowned. Then she tossed her head a bit and away she went. She was irritated, and obviously didn't approve of me scaring her half to death. So she was going to ignore me!

No way female! I turned the cycle around again and went after her. By now my heart was pumping faster than the cycle's engine was running, and THAT was a FIRST! Boy, this wasn't a prim little school girl! This was a full grown woman, and she looked like just what I needed, and I wasn't going to give up on this one!

I pulled alongside of her and smiled, but she kept ignoring me. So I blew my horn, and it startled her again. She looked pretty much disgusted when she looked at me, but I just grinned and said "Hi!" She calmed down then, and laughed at me. I asked her what her name was, and for a few seconds I didn't think she was going to answer. But then she quit pumping the bike, and while coasting along, she turned her head and looked me over. I guess I passed inspection, because she started to slowly put the brakes on, and her bike pulled to the side of the road. I stopped alongside of her and put the cycle on its kick stand and got off. She stood there holding her bike, and for a few seconds, we just stood there and looked at each other. Then she said that her name was Terri. I told her my name, and we just sort of stood there and talked. She chewed me out in a friendly way for scaring her, and I told her that I just couldn't resist doing it. We both grinned about that. But I knew that she had sized me up as a big kid on a big motorcycle, and I had to change her mind about me.

As we stood there talking, I had a hard time keeping my eyes from dropping to her legs and blouse. She knew it too, and it seemed to amuse her. I figured she was about five years older than I was, and twice the woman I'd ever dreamed of. Heck, this gal could be in the movies, I kid you NOT! I was getting a bit nervous under her steady eyes, and my face felt hot. But she acted like she didn't notice it.

"To me, that motorcycle wasn't just transportation, and it wasn't just a sport either. It was going to be a way of life . . . "

Then she suggested that I cruise along with her, as she was starting back to her house. She wanted me to know where she lived, as it would make it easier for me in case I ever wanted to come visit her. I thought that was a great idea, as I was standing there feeling like maybe a fish out of water would.

So I jumped on the motorcycle, cranked it up, and popped the clutch. Well, I sure didn't have my mind on what I was doing, as for the second time in my life, I just roared right off the road on the cycle and fell over. It was just plain old stupid, and it happened because that woman had me so shot up that I didn't know what I was doing, or where I was going.

But it turned out fine. She let it slide as if it was perfectly normal for a guy to go sailing off the road, head over heels on his motorcycle. She didn't laught or anything. She ran over the seemed relieved that I wasn't hurt. She stepped close to me and started to brush off my jacket, when I just plum lost control of myself! I put my right arm around her waist and pulled her tight against me, and my left hand clamped over her head and I kissed her at the same time too, and I was ready for her to try to get away or something. She tensed, and her eyes flew wide open in surprise. But then she relaxed and put both her hands behind my head, while she kissed me back, and HARD! HOLY SMOKE! And I'd thought I'd had a problem before! But now I knew what trouble really felt like! I was about to do the wrong thing when she calmly put a lid on the fire.

She slowly pulled away from me, and with a smile she walked over the got back on her bicycle and started heading down the road. I yanked that big Harley Davidson motorcycle out of that ditch like it was a feather and caught up with her in nothing flat. We rode in silence to her house, but I knew that she wasn't mad at me. When we got there she kissed me goodbye and told me that she would like a ride on my Harley one of these days soon. I wrote down her phone number, and promised to call her, and away I went. And I called her that very night! We would go for a ride on the motorcycle tomorrow after I got off from work. GREAT! And that night I had a hard time going to sleep. I couldn't get that beautiful, sexy, creature off my mind, and I felt strangely restless.

I picked her up after work the next day, and we roared down the highway on my cycle. Boy, you want to talk about being proud! And the people really looked us over too! Now I REALLY had it all!

We finally stopped riding, and had a few beers at a roadside cafe. She asked me if I had a girlfriend, and I told her I did. In fact, I'd had one from the very minute that I'd seen her yesterday. She laughed and said that was cute. Then she asked me how old I was, and my heart skipped a bat. But I looked her right in the eye, and told her that I'd be 24 soon. She knew I was lying, but she just nodded her head and looked thoughtful.

All too soon the evening ended, but not before I got a date with her. We were going to the Fourth of July picnic together, and the Fourth was just a few days away! Things were moving right along, and I felt like King Kong!

The day of the picnic I pulled into her yard and blew the horn. She came out with the picnic basket and a blanket. She was wearing yellow short shorts and a halter, with her hair back in a pony tail WOW! She looked TERRIFIC! She gave me a kiss on the cheek as she climbed on behind me, and we blasted off. I turned the cycle out onto the highway, and shifted into fourth gear, and turned the crank. As the cycle neared the 100 MPH mark, I looked back at her over my shoulder. She was looking at me with a funny expression on her face, and she gave me a super hug. And I KNEW! Tonight was IT! And somehow I knew I was right! I took a deep breath and tried to remain calm. It was many hours until nightfall, and I had to play the game. Finally I turned towards the picnic grounds, and when we got there it was crowded already. Everybody in town was there, and they all noticed us as we pulled in. All of the guys waved, and a lot of the older folks that we knew. But all the girls saw Terri, and they gave me icy looks or tried to ignore us. But I didn't care if they liked me or not anymore. Terri was the one and only one for me!

The men were just plain green with envy, and all of the young women were shooting hateful glances our way. And I never felt as darned good in my life! Terri paid a lot of attention to me too, and didn't flirt at all, and that made me even more proud. Heck, compared to me right then, King Kong was a nobody! It was my finest hour.

The picnic was great too, and I had a wonderful time. Terri had brought more fired chicken and potato salad than we could eat, and there was an ocean of free beer available. We sat there on the blanket and ate all we could hold, and drank cold beer. The beer made me a bit careless, and many times Terri cought me looking at her breasts and legs, but she acted like she didn't notice. She just would sorta smile at nothing, and that gave me butterflies in my stomach.

Then it was evening, and some jerk started some music, which gave the guys an excuse to come over and ask Terri to dance, and that really irritated me. She got up and danced with a lot of different guys, but I noticed that she didn't dance with the same guy twice. I could tell that she was getting a lot of offers for a ride home too. But she would just smile and point towards me while she was talking, and the men would look my way and frown. They were out of luck, and a very good thing for them too. Because if anybody upset my plans for tonight, they would be seeing a dentist in the morning! I was quite jealous, and an a very dangerous mood.

The picnic was still in full swing when she gave me the sign, so I rolled up the blanket and started up the motorcycle. She waved to everybody as she climbed on behind me, and we took off fast.

"I picked her up after work the next day, and we roared down the highway on my cycle. Boy, you want to talk about being proud! And the people really looked us over too! Now I really had it all!"

I knew what the program was, and I knew a perfect spot. And it wasn't too far away either! I got there in a hurry, then turned off the road and went slowly across the smooth field. The moon was so bright that you could read a newspaper by it, so I turned off the lights. I pulled up under a large tree and shut off the engine. The tree cast enough shadow for decent cover, but we could see across the field quite easily.

Terri got off the cycle, and by the time I had the kick stand down, she had the blanket spread on the grass. Then she opened a beer that she had snitched away in the saddle bags, and handed it to me. Then she got one for herself, and sat down on the blanket. I sat down next to her, and my heart was in my mouth! I knew that I had outclassed myself this time, but I was thrilled and excited about it. I took a swallow beer, and put my arm around her. She sort of moved closer to me and put her head on my shoulder. I took another swallow of beer, and noticed that my hand was shaking. I think she noticed it too, as she put her hand on my knee and patted me. We just sat there for awhile, until we had finished our beer. Then I asked her if she would like for me to get her another one. For an answer, she put her arms around me and pulled me down on the blanket and started kissing me. And I started kissing her back too. Well, old mother Nature sure knows her business, and that was the night of my life. That old moon sure got an eye full.

The sun was up when I finally took her home. I felt so weak that I could hardly crank the motorcycle. But even so, I felt like a million dollars! I kissed her goodnight and headed for home. I slept for ten hours, and then woke up starving to death. I ate a huge meal after getting up, and Paw seemed to be amused by that. But Mom was ticked off! Of course they had seen me at the picnic with Terri, and they were pretty sure what had happened. But I wasn't talking, and I got out of there before Mom could start raising cain. And you will never guess where I went. On second thought. I am sure you know! And I was darn sure in a hurry to get there! That night, only two things were different from the night before; there wasn't a picnic, and we used a different blanket!

For the rest of the summer, Terri and I saw each other every day, and we took many long rides on the motorcycle. And we spent every night under that old tree too. By now I knew that I was hopelessly in love with this beautiful, full grown woman, and she could make me do anything she wanted to. But I didn't care, and I loved it! Terri gave as good as she got, and to this day, no other woman has come close to being the thrill that Terri was.

But nothing lasts forever, and the whole thing stopped suddenly.

It was autumn! Where in heck had the time gone? Terri was leaving for college, and I was going back to finish high school.

I sorta choked up when I told her goodbye, and she petted me like I was her pet puppy. Then she was gone, and I came out of my dream world with a crash.

I felt grouchy all the time now. School was a pain in the butt, and all of the girls at school only ticked me off. I was real unhappy and I knew I would continue to be, until school was out next year, and Terri came back to me. Oh, how I missed her! But I suffered through the whole miserable nine months, and finally school was out, and I had graduated! It would be summer again now, and Terri would be home soon! I was thrilled and happy, and I rode my motorcycle around town like a madman! Soon I'd have it made again, and this time for KEEPS! HOORAY!

Well, now I when I look back on it, I don't know why she even bothered,

but she sent me a letter. She told me that she wouldn't be coming home this summer, or ever again. She had married the football hero at the college! But she would always fondly remember her young MOTORCYCLE MAN!

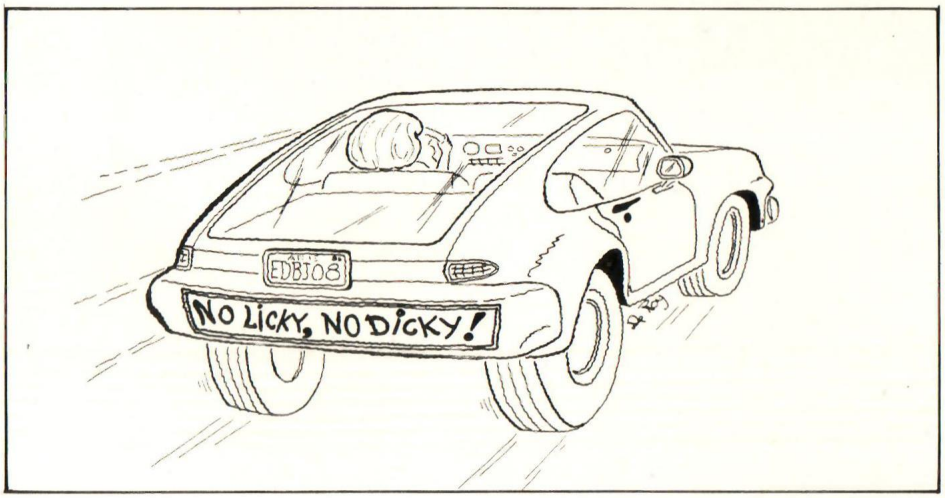
Well, I was so crushed that I cried. I felt truly sick, and I just didn't know what to do with myself. So I packed some clothes into my saddle bags and took off on a wild two months ride all over the country. I went up to Columbus, Ohio and met all of the people at the A.M.A., then I just toured the country. I was drunk every night, and I raised cain every day! I met some crackerjack motorcycle guys too, and for awhile I had one heck of a time. Finally as my money started to run low, I could think of Terri without hurting too much, so I bid my motorcycle pals goodbye, and headed back home.

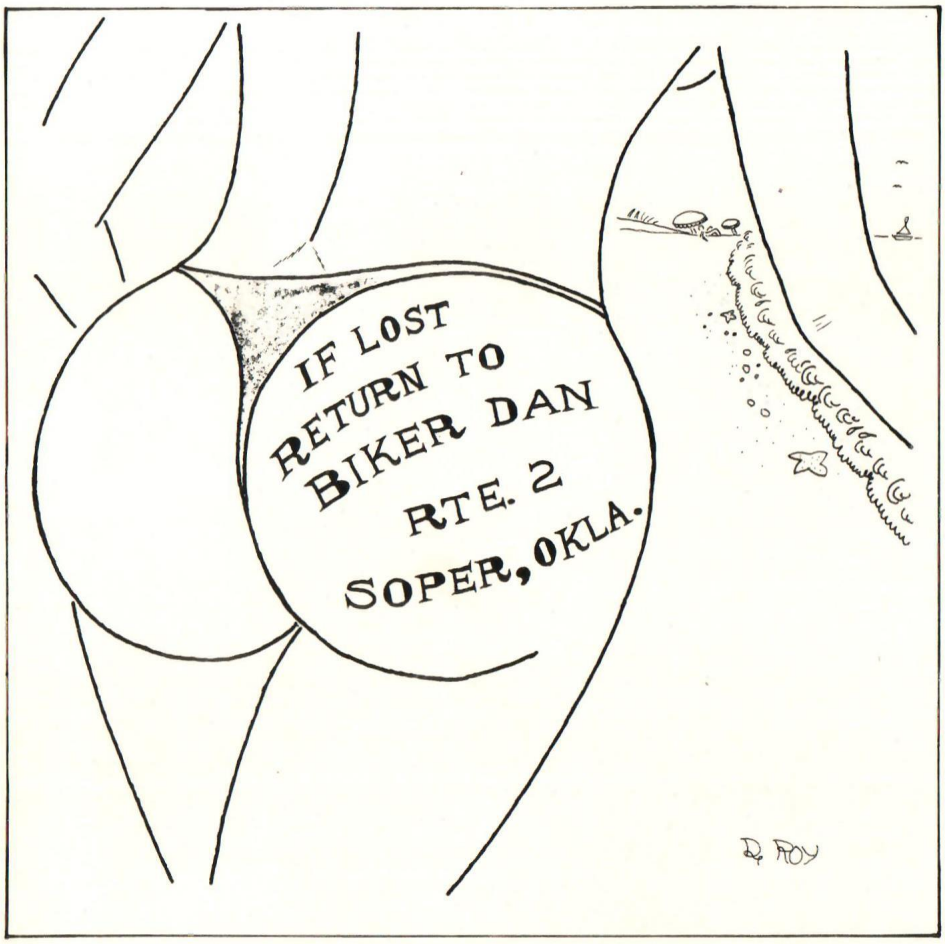
A bit of time went by before I finally got married. I'd gone to work at a factory not far from home, and stayed with my folks. Then I met and married this girl, and she was a very sweet and pretty young thing. I have no complaints about her at all either. She loves to ride behind me on my Harley Davidson motorcycle, and she is a good and faithful wife. She is plenty sexy, and as clean as a pin. She has given me three lovely children, and has been honest and fair with all of us all the time. I was a very lucky man to have found such a woman, as most men never do.

Alot of time has gone by now. The kids have all grown up and left home. I am the head man at the factory now, and I'm pretty well off all around. I've got a lot of gold in the bank, and a lot of silver in my hair. I still have the same loving wife, and she is still as great as the day I met her. Yep, time has changed everything for everybody I guess. Well, almost.

I knew of a couple of things that even TIME could never change. For one thing, I still ride the same old 1939 Harley Davidson. Oh sure, I'd had it painted a couple of times. And I'd had to overhaul the engine a few times. But it was the same one that I'd had since I was a kid. That old cycle would still get up and go 100 PMH when I wanted it too. And once in awhile, I'd want it to.

I'd go down to the highway and just open the throttle on a nice summer evening. And if everything was "just right" I could still feel Terri's cheek on my shoulder, and the warmth of her fabulous legs against me. The air around my ears would feel soft and warm like a beautiful woman's breath. And then I was suddenly 18 years old again, and caught up in a mad love affair with a beautiful woman, and a beautiful motorcycle. And I'd feel melancholy as heck, and feel a sense of loss that was almost unbearable. All I'd wanted in my life was those two things. And at least I still had one of them. □





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